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THIS PAPER CONTAINS
24 Pages.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

VOL. XXI.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 16, 1890.

FIRST PART.

Pages 1 to 12.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, NOTIONS, ETC.

The items mentioned on this page are but representative Bargains taken from our various departments. There are thousands more of the same kind.

J. M. HIGH & CO.

OPEN THE SPRING SEASON OF 1890 WITH A SOLID PAGE OF UNMATCHABLE BARGAINS

Which represent but a few of the thousands which may be had at HIGH'S GREAT WHITEHALL STREET BAZAAR. Remember, we don't call your attention to a few dozen catch-penny articles which have no commercial or practical value, but offer choice selections from our entire establishment at Bargain Prices.

Dress Trimmings.



Dress Goods.

They are all here. Such an array Atlanta has never seen. Rare colors, rich combinations, elegant novelties, and not one single duplicate.

Exclusive designs which cannot be matched here or elsewhere. French, German and English novelties and combinations. Come while they are fresh and new and get an early selection.

50 bordered German novelty Suits, latest colors, at \$5 each, merely as a leader.

Magnificent line of suits at \$10, \$12.50, \$15 and up to \$40.

40 pieces Mohair Stellman 28 inches wide, worth 30c yard, go this week at 35c yard.

At 35c yard special silk and colored mixed Cheviots, 40 inches wide and worth 60c yard for this week at 35c yard.

25 pieces figured Henrietta in leading shades for ten gowns and wrappers, 38 inches wide, 55c yard.

At 75c, 200 pieces of Silk finished Henrietta, worth \$1 yard in any house in the country. All the new and rare shades, including all the popular silver gray dahlias, 55c yard.

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TOURISTS ON THE ROAD.

RIDING IN BOX CARS AND DINING ON BLACKBERRIES.

The Story of Two Tramp Printers—Up Through the North, and Across to the West—Bed Rock in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 11.—[Special.]—While the train was pulling out from Bound Brook last night, I became impressed with the feeling that strange eyes were riveted upon me. Looking up, I saw in the opposite side of the coach two men—one heavy and stolid, with black hair and swarthy face; the other, agile and wiry, with light red hair, a florid complexion, and eyes which looked out with a strained expression from a pained face.

Ravenlock and Sorreltop were the names which I mentally gave the men, and I determined to keep an eye on their movements. Other names, of course, they had, but for my part the cognomina given were quite as good.

They were restless and uneasy. Ravenlock looked sullenly to the front, never moving his gaze from the scene upon which it was cast. He looked like an animal at bay, having exhausted every resource and now prepared to resist doggedly any attempt to move him. Sorreltop was very woe and sensitive, with still a little hope left, but eventually losing the patience with which nature had scantly endowed him.

They were tramps—such was my conclusion; and they were stealing a ride—it was plain to see.

The approach of the conductor increased the nervousness of Sorreltop, but Ravenlock sat



like a piece of dead meat—he was in a dangerous mood.

To the conductor they made no reply at first. When he asked a second and a third time, Sorreltop it was who answered:

"We have no money; we have had nothing to eat; we had to move on."

"Then why did you get on this train when you had no money?"

"Because we were forced to," replied Sorreltop. "The hiss with which the word 'forced' escaped his lips had in it both desperation and defiance.

For the first time I realized the struggle between capital and poverty. There stood the conductor—the representative of all the elements which enforce the claims of wealth; and there sat two men—men with hopes as sacred, around whom clustered the affections of mother, wife and children, with nothing to plead for them but the voice of humanity, the plea to be made to iron-hearted monopoly!

I could see that the conductor felt that a crisis was at hand. An ill-tempered word from him, almost the bating of an eye, and the two men would have taken his life. Not that they were bad men, for they really had good faces, but that they were desperate from poverty. Slowly turning away he said:

"I will have you pulled at the next station."

This gave the men a breathing spell. Ravenlock grew, if possible, more sullen, while Sorreltop looked nervously around, as if apologizing to passengers sitting around him for the scene which he had created. The train began to slow up as the next station was reached. The conductor's voice could be heard at the other end of the coach, as he prepared to point out the strangers. I caught the eye of Sorreltop, who smiled for the first time, as I whispered over to him:

"I think it would be better for you to go. They are after you."

With a grateful look for even this small display of sympathy, the men arose and slipped out into the darkness. The officer came, but found no tramps there to engage his services.

This afternoon while walking down Baltimore street I came face to face with the two tramps of the night before. They had slipped the conductor at one point only to beat him at another.

"We are printers," said Sorreltop, "and find that we have reached a busy town. You never get work in this man's town, unless you were born in it." An hour ago I went up into the Sun office to look for work, and while looking at the forms of an old-timer, who looked like a rat from Noah's ark, rushed up. I was sure that he meant a day's work. He immediately flew into tatters and accused me of being a spy from the American office to find out their business. The men looked scared to death and as if they had never had a square meal in their lives. I find the other offices here but little better—old fashioned, in a groove, dust-covered, and afraid of anything new. We will have to pull out tonight for some place where the people do not cackle over last year's birds' nests."

Taking the two men into a convenient restaurant they became communicative and freely told much of their previous lives. Sorreltop, who belonged to a well-known Alabama family, was the man who did most of the talking.

"My first city work," he said, "was on the Montgomery Advertiser. As soon as I had a hundred dollars saved up, I started out to see the world. My first stopping place was Charleston, S. C., where I paid five dollars a day in a hotel, and took a carriage when I went out. It did not take long until I was glad to find lodgings on the wharves, and felt grateful when a friendly policeman would become blind long enough to pass me by. At first, walking was found to be cheaper than paying railroad fare, and later on it became evident that rapid transit was secured by hiding in freight cars. After a short engagement in New York I concluded to take up the Hudson, and in order not to miss anything, I walked, and took in Tarrytown, Fishkill, Poughkeepsie, and at last Hyde park, where I caught a freight train, bound for Troy. There I met up with my partner, who has remained with me ever since. At Albany, we struck the track again, bound west for Utica. We stopped in several towns on the way, in not one of which was there to be found work or lunch, or even the traditional 'hand-out' at the country houses. After three days we struck Utica footloose and hungry. We got one day's work. I struck a cheap lodging house, and was given a room in which there was nothing but a cot, while my partner took in the town. When I awoke in the morning, I found nicely disposed on a chair, a new laundied shirt, cuffs, collar, stockings, etc. Where they came from, or for whom they were

intended, I know not, but no one needed them worse than I did, and I put them on. This gave me a more comfortable feeling with which to start out. In a day or two we had money enough to patronize the railroads again, but we ran out in Rochester, and had to strike



for the freight boxes. We found there, as company, forty boys from ten to fourteen years of age, who were following up the race circuit—the hardest crowd I ever struck in my life. At a lonely place on the road the train was stopped and the whole crowd ordered out, the conductor discharging six shots into the retreating mob. We left our youthful friends gladly, and next stopped in Batavia, where we found that a tourist had no rights at all. It was imprisonment for a stranger without means to be found on the streets. In the News office my partner engaged three days' work, while I had to scrub up to keep from being arrested as a vagrant. The proprietor of the office brought us our meals in a tin bucket. The first night there we went out to the cemetery, thinking that would be a quiet, retired place in which to get a night's rest. We located a dry spot between the monument erected to Dean Richmond and the one erected by the anti-Masonic people to the memory of Morgan. The night was beautiful and clear when we laid down, but we were awakened at midnight to find the worst rainstorm that we ever experienced. Ringing wet, we sought a freight car on the track, into which we crawled. It was loaded with dust, soot, which adhered to our wet clothes, that we were unrecognizable to each other. We fell asleep and awoke well in the day to find the car in motion, and we were rolling through a strange country.

"Buffalo next claimed our attention and soon satisfied us that a town with a name having 'P' for its initial letter is no good; for instance, Baltimore, Brooklyn, Buffalo. So taking a stationary engineer into our party, we decided to pull up stakes for the west. We went down to the Nickelplate freight yards. A freight train came rushing down grade. My partner caught the ladder, while I myself and the engineer missed. It horrified me. The next freight was to leave in three hours. A yard detective flashed a lantern in our faces. I started to run, but the legend:

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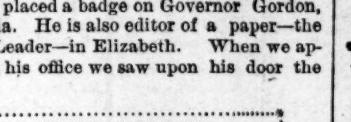
all right, but we have always had our doubts as to whether there was not collusion between the broker, the gatekeeper and the conductor. On nearing Decatur my partner, who had been sleeping heavily, stepped out on the platform, and to my horror, jumped off. The train was running at lightning speed, and I was sure that he was killed. The day after I got into St. Louis, while working on a case in the Globe-Democrat office, who should step up to me but my friend here, somewhat bruised, but fully alive. He reproached me with having tried to 'shake' him, and grew so angry that only interference prevented a fight right there. I cashed up the day's work and left for Pittsburgh. His anger grew worse, and he determined to follow and whip me. As

he turned facing Brown and let the smoke curl from the right corner of his mouth.

"Beck Lee had an army and something for the army to eat," ventured Brown.

"It was balloons," replied Plunkett, as he continued:

"There has been mighty little said about



I went by rail, and he had to follow on foot and chance rides, it put me in Pittsburgh a long time ahead of him. I found me in the Dispatch office, but his long trip had cooled his anger, and he was really glad to see me, and we became partners again."

"Where were you from when I saw you at Bound Brook?" I asked.

"We got on the train at Elizabeth," answered Sorreltop, "and while there had some experience with General Drake, who made himself notorious last April because a Grand Army man had placed a badge on Governor Gordon, of Georgia. He is also editor of a paper—the Sunday Leader—in Elizabeth. When we approached his office we saw upon his door the legend:

GENERAL DRAKE.

"The general answered our call, and gave my partner temporary employment, and with an order, sent him to a boarding house. Whenever addressed as 'Mr.' Drake, he would always correct by saying, 'General Drake, sir. I won the title in battle, and am proud of it, sir!'" In fact he wore the title just like the pompous negroes on southern plantations who have been dubbed "Major" or "Colonel." He would attitudinize in a painful manner, and never tired of talking about the Drake Zouaves, so named, he would say to a stranger, "in recognition of my gallantry in fighting the rebels." And then the general would stand up in front of his visitor in the attitude of a major general on the grand stand at a review. From the big goatees on his chin, the skullcap on his head to the newspaper pictures and cheap lithographs on the wall, all was "Drake," "Drake," "Drake," the gallant general who fought for the Union.

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"These yankees balloons. They done the yankees more harm than they did good by er long sight, and I lay the defeat of McClellan's army to their use. All they done was to make Lee march his soldiers nearly to death and that is where the confusion to the yankee generals come in."

"This young generation don't know nothing about this balloon business, for it has never been printed in the books, but every old soldier knows that McClellan had his whole battle line dotted along with 'em away up in the clouds, and they were depended upon to watch Lee's movements and that is where they busted."

"These balloons must do on prairie battle grounds, where they haint any bluffs nor woods, or they would do when there haint no night, but in the hill country of old Virginia, where the oak and hickory growth high and wide, the spruce pines grew so thick that you couldn't see 'em ten feet off from them, the balloons were a snare and caused confusion to the yankees."

"These balloons would get away up in the elements, so high that they would look blue like the sky, and er fellow would set in er basket that was tied to 'em and peep through his telescope and chuckle to himself that he known everything that Lee was doing."

"General Lee would have er talk with old Longstreet and Jackson and they would think at one another and do some chuckling themselves."

"A confederate division would march down er road in plain view of these balloon fellows till they got to where the big trees and the spruce pines would shelter them, then with a quick 'filet' they'd get under cover of the woods and march right back and repeat the same movement over again and thus one division was made to appear as the massing of the whole army at one point, and the yankees would begin to rush troops to that place, weakening other parts of their line, and the first thing they knew they were getting thunder knocked outen 'em at some point where the balloonist least expected."

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WITH THE MAGAZINISTS.

MR. LITTLEBERRY ROACH—RICHARD
MALCOLM JOHNSON'S LATEST.Glasgow and Atlanta—The Uplifting of the
French Peasant—What the Nationalists
Propose—"Mary uv Argyle."That
Feeling

Advertising is entirely original, it's us having been original from a Boston lady who had tired feeling" and made by this excellent medicine ness or debility caused by disease or life, Hood's Sarapilla possesses peculiar "build-

God's
parilla

In Sarapilla, Dandellion, Juniper Berries, and other remedies, in such a cure, when in the power of fit Rheum, Sore, Rheumatism, Biliousness, Sick Complaints.

es the
Strong

Sarapilla is a good trouble-free, non-nuisance, in try Hood's Sarapilla, a bottle I noticed a big and after taking two bottles cured. I believe Hood's that is claimed for it." J. Bell Telephone Company, Rochester, N. Y.

God's
parilla

parilla as a spring tonic, and have that misera- PARMELE, 349 Bridge

hazy, having no appetite. I buy Hood's Sarapilla. As a health invigorator I think it superior to KER, Utica, N. Y.

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petite

sarapilla is the best med- spring I had no appetite, atigued me ever so much. Sarapilla, and seen I such in a day as I had. My appetite is vor- in, Atlantic City, N. J. Sarapilla

1; six for \$5. Prepared Lowell, Mass.

One Dollar

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LE PURPOSES.
LY DRAWING
the City of Juarez, for
RIL 23RD, 1890,
of General John S.
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ZE \$800.00.

only 60,000 Tickets.

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10,000

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Prizes. \$5,000 each

\$300 each

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of \$100 each

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SCOTT'S EMULSION.

A HARD FIGHT.

IT has been a hard fight. All winter long the combined forces of the weather and "La Grippe" have been exerted to destroy Health. The Constitution, weakened by resistance, repels with less and less vigor each attack of the enemy. But the supreme struggle is yet to come. The enemy holds in reserve the March Winds with which to deal the final blow. The cry comes up for Reinforcements. Send for Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Wonderful how such reinforcement does increase the resisting power, heal the lungs, cure the cough, and restore to health. **Use now SCOTT'S EMULSION!**

CAUTION! Be sure you get the genuine SCOTT'S EMULSION. "Palatable as milk." Put up always in salmon color wrapper, and prepared only by SCOTT & BOWNE, Mfrs. Chemists New York.

KING BUNDOO.

BY PAUL GRANT.

The burning rays of a semi-tropical sun blazed down on St. Catherine's island and threw a fierce glare over St. Catherine's sound in which the island lay. Its waters, shimmering in the heat, seemed to reflect their dazzling brightness upon the white sands of the shore.

A quarter of a mile distant from the beach stood the planter's house, built low to escape the tropical gales, and wide and spreading to catch the breeze, with broad piazzas running all around to exclude the heat and light.

A grove of live oaks on the lawns and a growth of India pride trees in the rear of the house threw a grateful shade in pleasing contrast to the dazzling whiteness of the sands.

On the front piazza stood a group of three little girls, scanning the sound with a telescope.

"I see a speck," said one of the girls, taking her eyes from the glass.

"I kin see 'em wid me naked eye, 'dout any glass," said Tyra, the nurse, grinning. "K! Miss Ma's gret, dat de beos you kin do?"

"I see her," tis a schooner," said the largest girl, peering through the glass, and presently the vessel came plainly in sight, nearer and nearer, till at last she dropped anchor out in the sound as near as she dare come to the landing. Then two large row-boats manned by negro crews pulled out to meet her. A number of negroes from the vessel crowded into them and the boats returned to the landing, while the schooner, having delivered her human freight, went on her way down the coast.

This was seventy-five years ago—in the time of the slave trade. A slaves had just come into port at Savannah, bringing a cargo of negroes, and the planters around went to town to make their purchases.

Daniel Lachlan had gone up from his sea-island and bought twenty slaves. Land was far more plentiful than labor; he owned hundreds of acres, and he must have negroes to work them. Most of those he bought were laid off from twelve to eighteen years of age, finding them more apt to learn than the older ones. He had, however, made an exception to this rule in favor of a man of forty-five. He had a splendid physique, though a little pulled down by the exhausting voyage across seas in the hold of the ship. Indeed, they were all more or less crippled from being packed so closely, and as they landed, they hobled painfully along after their new masters and their cousins—the American born negroes—as they led the way to the house. They were furthermore hampered by their clothing, which had been put on them prior to landing, and which had never seen before. Though this attire was the simplest, consisting of a shirt and short trousers of white homespun, they found it both oppressive and confining.

"Dey, now," cried Tyra, the nursery maid, "Mausser done gone ter town an' 'fatch back mo' monkey!"

Tyra was the daughter of the cook, Maun Styra. The name of this important functionary had been shortened into Maun Styra, and, in the nurse, abbreviated to "Tyra."

"Monkeys!" repeated the largest girl, as she closed the telescope, "they are your country people."

"Your famly," added Margaret.

"Family or no family, dey no famly o' mine," cried Tyra, shaking her head.

"Dem Gullah nigger muttin but no tail monkey! I danno w'a mausser want wid 'em!"

The new comers really deserved "Tyra" criticism. They were little and stunted, and had badly formed figures. Their hands and feet were long and slim, like the paws of an animal; their faces dull and brutish; the eyes small and beady; the noses broad and flat, while their mouths were enormous, the lower lip being immensely thick and hanging. These were the Gullahs, the most inferior of all the Guinea tribes.

The man was quite unlike them. He was tall and very black. His face had better features than the others, and was very intelligent. It was profusely tattooed, as were his arms and breast, and his teeth were not filed and sharpened, as were the Gullahs', but were large, dazzling white, and glittering.

In spite of the tattoo he would have had a pleasant countenance, had it not been so gloomy and downcast. He was an Ebo, a tribe that was considered much superior to the Gullahs, both in size and intelligence, and of an ebony blackness, "black as an Ebo," being a common comparison.

Wearied with the march from the landing the Gullah boys squatted down in the sand under the India pride trees. The man, folding his tattooed arms, from which he had rolled the sleeves, upon his tattooed breast, from which he had thrown the shirt as wide as possible, leaned against a tree in sulky apathy.

The "American cousins" brought out cedar piggins (a sort of handless basket) filled with boiled rice smoking hot, and set them down on the sand before the new comers. The Gullah boys thrust their long, slim paws into the piggins and threw the rice down their throats with infinite relish, while the Ebo put his food away from him with a scowl.

"Wah meek you so scawful?" said Cudjo, taking up the untouched piffin in wrath.

The poor exile was not scornful; he was simply overwhelmed with despair.

The Gullahs were put in the care of Cudjo, the headman, to be trained, and they followed him to the camp where they were to be taught three things: to speak English, or what passed for it, to wear their clothes, and handle a hoe and "chop rice," or, more strictly speaking, to hoe grass out of the rice.

Cudjo and his master also selected a list of names to give them. In this list sacred history, ancient custom and mythology were queerly blended. Before long Cudjo was forced to come to his master with a complaint. The Gullah boys, he said, were docile, though stupid, but the Ebo proved utterly rebellious. He refused to wear any clothes; he declined to answer to any name but his own of Bundoo, and he utterly refused to work.

"E amas," said Cudjo, "but dat has'd

head! Eh! Eh! I don't talk! 'E wan't tek de name I s'i; 'e can't call 'eself Bundoo! 'E lat' arter David; 'e turn' up 'e nose arter Pompey; 'e suck 'teet arter Vulcan—'e so swanget!' cried Cudjo, reviewing his enormities. "An' af'ner wuck!—de nigg'er das lazy, 'e huv do a han' turn!"

"This is my first experience with Eboes, and I'm just as 'e is. I heard they were fat sunsides, but 'e was a'nt. The Ebo declined to work, and neither persuasion, threats nor punishment could alter his determination. "Bundoo, king," was all the reason he assigned, and that seemed sufficient to his mind, if not to others. Mr. Lachlan was much provoked.

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"Good enough for me," said his master. "I say 'e lazy."

"I say 'e king," said the driver, "I say 'e lazy."

"I say 'e king," said the cook, "I say 'e lazy."

"I say 'e king," said the nurse, grinning. "K! Miss Ma's gret, dat de beos you kin do?"

"I see her," tis a schooner," said the largest girl, peering through the glass, and presently the vessel came plainly in sight, nearer and nearer, till at last she dropped anchor out in the sound as near as she dare come to the landing. Then two large row-boats manned by negro crews pulled out to meet her. A number of negroes from the vessel crowded into them and the boats returned to the landing, while the schooner, having delivered her human freight, went on her way down the coast.

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THE PEOPLE'S HEALTH.

HOW TO ATTAIN A GOOD OLD AGE.

Life Becoming Longer Than It Used to Be—Dr. Sayre Discourses on a Subject of Interest.

NEW YORK, March 15.—[Special.]—Americans are told they live at the pace that kills. So they do, but they live longer on the average than their ancestors, and longevity is likely to be still greater in future generations. Lewis A. Sayre, the famous surgeon, in the course of a long talk in his handsome office on Fifth avenue, told the correspondent of THE CONSTITUTION the reason for the extended term of life. It is said that the kindest-hearted physicians are the best ones. There never was a kinder hearted man than Dr. Sayre. Nor, perhaps, was there ever a stronger minded one. He is seventy years old, but age has not left its full impress on him. He is known the world over by his writings and his services in the cause of humanity. He comes as near throwing physic to the dogs as a doctor well could. He believes largely in hygienic and rational treatment, and his reputation demonstrates that his theories are correct in practice. He is a wonderfully interesting and entertaining man in conversation. He discusses things pertaining to his profession in a way that is not only easily understood, but effective. He said to the correspondent:

"Everybody, under ordinary circumstances, ought to live to be one hundred years old. As it is, people live from eight to fifteen years



longer than their forefathers did. They have learned how to eat and drink; how to keep their homes ventilated and their sewers drained, and how to generally take better care of themselves. Still they do not live anything as long as they ought to, because they do not yet live as they ought to. They have too much to do, too much to think about, and too much care to bear. Many are very much distressed as younger men to know how they are going to make sure of a living. By and by, when their reputation has grown, they are driven to death with the work forced upon them. If I had lived anywhere near right in the earlier part of my professional career, I believe my life would have been prolonged beyond a century. I never used to know what it was to be tired, hungry or sleepy. When the decline begins, the face loses its color; the plump, vigorous look of the skin vanishes, and lassitude takes the place of elasticity.

"Open gates are far preferable to any other means of heating a house, for they help ventilation, which is an important factor in the prolongation of life. I never allow a furnace to be lighted in my house except when there is danger of the water pipes freezing up. One of the greatest dangers to human life is the candy shop, which destroys the stomachs of children. Candy, in fact, does almost as much to destroy the stomach as alcohol. A child with its stomach full of candy has no desire to eat bread and butter and drink milk. Children ought to be sustained by nutritious food while they are growing. Adults are likewise harmed if they go about munching candy. Sugar is a necessary ingredient of the body, but it should be taken in proper quantities and at proper times, and not indiscriminately. Tobacco is decidedly injurious when used to excess, the same as liquor. A mild cigar smoke after dinner, however, has a soothing effect, and the smoker sustains less injury from it than he would from rushing off to work on a full stomach. No injury will result from sleeping after a meal. Old people are benefited by a nap after eating. Actors almost invariably take supper before going to bed, and they are a healthy set of men. Animals afford an example. Feed two dogs and let one curl up before the fire while the other is taken out to hunt rabbits. Then on the return from the hunting expedition kill both dogs. The stomach of the one that has been sleeping will be clean, while the food in the stomach of the other will be round undigested. The dog that has been hunting has expended all his energies in the chase and the food had no chance to digest.

"Whiskey cannot be considered injurious under all circumstances. There are times when it is useful like castor oil, calomel and quinine but it is not beneficial when used as a beverage. I am not certain that water is not as harmful as whisky. Water, which people generally drink down in unlimited quantities, paralyzes the nerves of the stomach, and is one of the greatest causes of dyspepsia in this country. People should drink water at its natural temperature. Boiling water drank an hour or so before meals is good for digestion. The water must be warm, not hot. To see me make a brittany sad, and look as if I would rue the deed, mouth ready to say 'Just so.' But we took the trick. My arm was good, and I followed it with the king; Two tricks we have; they said 'twas rude, But I tried the queen in her womanhood And found it just the thing.

Well, I am in. The game we won. (I wonder if it otherwise.) We gave our trumps out one by one, And they said at last, when the game was done, We gave them quite a surprise!

will show a great diminution in deaths from phthisis. Consumption can be cured. The way to cure it is to put the patient in the moonlight, and let him sleep in a dark room. He does not need medicine. There is too much medicine used in many kinds of diseases. Certain specifics are essential but they should be used with intelligence. The great trouble comes from the nostrums and advertising quacks.

"I think I should say, is increasing, and the explanation is to be found in the way in which we live. Men rush to secure millions when they ought to be satisfied with hundreds of thousands. They likewise rush to spend their money and their worry to meet their financial engagements. Insanity may be caused by functional disturbance of the brain, or it is doubtful if insanity is curable.

"Dreams do not indicate a physical defect. They indicate that the dreamer's stomach is out of order, or that he is worried. Dreams often seem of long duration, but it should be remembered that thoughts fly so fast that they cannot be measured. They are scattered over pretty much the entire universe in five minutes. If a person keeps his mouth shut he will not snore. If he cannot keep it shut any other way he ought to tie a bandage under his chin and over his head. The nose is the proper thing to breathe through. But snoring will not do any harm. A person who appears to have had a hard night's sleep now and then is the better for it, but he is eternally giggling and smirking, when there is no cause for the risibility, is neither benevolent nor interesting. A giggler is a fool. Crying often affords relief. If a person is suffering from great grief and he is unable to shed tears, there is decided danger of trouble in his mind. When a man or woman or the quiet person is apt to live longest is perhaps a question. Some people are so solemn that they have not life enough to die, and keep on earth to curse everybody they are acquainted with. It is not the length of time one lives, but the good he does. Some men could live a hundred years and be of no benefit. Others could in twenty years accomplish wonders by their skill and the proper use of their abilities.

"One man may know no fear, while another may be frightened at his own shadow. It is a mental affair. The man with a good healthy stomach is apt to have more courage than the man with dyspepsia. Every healthy man wants to live long, and he is the most worthy of his affection. There is a difference between love and lust. Love is a creation of the mind. A man must have a mind capable of appreciating love, or he has not the capacity for loving. Disappointment in love is injurious, as great grief or sorrow is always harmful."

Dr. Foreyce Barker, the eminent physician who practices in among the wealthiest families in New York, said to the correspondent:

"Human life has been added to ten or eleven years during the past century. The reasons people live so much longer, on the average, than they used to is that there has been a great improvement in hygiene and sanitation. People in modern days are better fed and better cared for than they were half a century ago. The longevity of future generations will be still greater, for not only will the human race become harder, but the ways of living will continue to grow better."

"The average duration of life varies in different parts of the world, and there are also differences of life expectancy in different classes of society. A man's life, in reckoning the liability to disease, may be counted in cycles. These cycles vary in length according to constitutions. A person may have a spell of sickness and not be liable to another, under ordinary circumstances, in twenty-five years. This cannot be transferred, however, to others, for, as said before, the cycles are not fixed by the general order of recurrence. The greatest mortality is found under the age of five years. The individual liability to death depends, of course, upon the disease. The most recent and most valuable discoveries in medicine have been in reductions as to bacilli."

"Phthisis, or tuberculosis, is the most frequent cause of death here in New York, as shown by the vital statistics. The mortality from phthisis is greater in colder climates—in New England, for instance—than in New York, and less in milder climates. The disease is infectious. It may be communicated by contact, or by the inhalation of dust infested with it. The reason consumptives almost invariably take whisky persistently is on account of the belief that it arrests waste, but it is doubtful if this theory is well founded. The whisky, however, temporarily overcomes lassitude.

"Inanity, one of humanity's greatest afflictions, may be caused by excesses of almost any kind. Alcohol is a frequent cause. Tobacco, to some people, is poisonous, but there is a great deal of extravagance in the language used concerning it. If gormandizing is a cause of insanity, it is a very indirect one. Paresis is decidedly different from paralysis. Paralysis is loss of power and sensation, while paresis is loss of control.

"Open gates are far preferable to any other means of heating a house, for they help ventilation, which is an important factor in the prolongation of life. I never allow a furnace to be lighted in my house except when there is danger of the water pipes freezing up. One of the greatest dangers to human life is the candy shop, which destroys the stomachs of children. Candy, in fact, does almost as much to destroy the stomach as alcohol. A child with its stomach full of candy has no desire to eat bread and butter and drink milk. Children ought to be sustained by nutritious food while they are growing. Adults are likewise harmed if they go about munching candy. Sugar is a necessary ingredient of the body, but it should be taken in proper quantities and at proper times, and not indiscriminately. Tobacco is decidedly injurious when used to excess, the same as liquor. A mild cigar smoke after dinner, however, has a soothing effect, and the smoker sustains less injury from it than he would from rushing off to work on a full stomach. No injury will result from sleeping after a meal. Old people are benefited by a nap after eating. Actors almost invariably take supper before going to bed, and they are a healthy set of men. Animals afford an example. Feed two dogs and let one curl up before the fire while the other is taken out to hunt rabbits. Then on the return from the hunting expedition kill both dogs. The stomach of the one that has been sleeping will be clean, while the food in the stomach of the other will be round undigested. The dog that has been hunting has expended all his energies in the chase and the food had no chance to digest.

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But we took the trick. My arm was good, and I followed it with the king; Two tricks we have; they said 'twas rude, But I tried the queen in her womanhood And found it just the thing.

Well, I am in. The game we won. (I wonder if it otherwise.) We gave our trumps out one by one, And they said at last, when the game was done, We gave them quite a surprise!

One thing I wish (I'm bold), Is laying aside all strife; I wish that partner and I could hold The trumps that catch all the hours of gold In the grand old game of life!

—BERTLAM W. HUFFMAN.

Union, Oregon.

There is danger in impure blood. There is safety in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. 100 doses one dollar.

—SARAH J. HARRIS.

Merchants and those engaged in office work are subject to Dyspepsia. Constipation, a common disease of office workers, can be cured by Simmon's Liver Regulator.

—W. H. HOLT, President of S. W. R. R. Co., of Georgia.

When a person's system plays out no elixir of life is going to rejuvenate him. About all the elixir of old men and fool them into the belief that they could be made young again. Nothing in the way of medicine or inoculation will restore health, but a hearty, outdoor exercise, freedom from care, and a proper amount of rest will do more to prolong life than anything else. The cure of hydrophobia by the Pasteur method is pretty well established, and the value of the transfusion of blood is demonstrated beyond doubt. The transfusion of blood, however, will not save old men from death, but it will help over-exhausted, in certain cases, and enable the patient to recover his strength. Under no circumstances, I may repeat, can a young man be made out of an old one.

The great mortality from phthisis or consumption is due to the varying temperature and humidity of the air, and healthy persons can contract it. The sputum, or expectoration, becomes dry and is converted into a powder which floats in the air, and may be inhaled. The next ten years

will show a great diminution in deaths from phthisis. Consumption can be cured. The way to cure it is to put the patient in the moonlight, and let him sleep in a dark room. He does not need medicine. There is too much medicine used in many kinds of diseases. Certain specifics are essential but they should be used with intelligence. The great trouble comes from the nostrums and advertising quacks.

—JOHN A. SAYRE.

Has our Z Stamp in red on Wrapper.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

See that you get the Genuine. Distinguished from imitations by our red Z Trade mark on front of wrapper. J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Proprietors.

Proprietors since 1852.

Orders taken and promptly filled at No. 8, West Wall street. Telephone 1249.

We solicit the patronage of the trade throughout the south.

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CHAMBERLIN, JOHNSON & CO.

After Again Enlarging Our Carpet Department and Making a New Cloak and Parasol Department WE ARE READY FOR TRADE!

We have by far the largest and most elegant stock ever opened by us at any time during the twenty-three years of our existence here. Our Dress Goods are from the best looms, the latest designs and of exquisite shadings.

OUR CARPETS are the acme of perfection, and while the immensity of the rolls are not as numberless as the sands on the sea shore, they are greater in numbers than we have been accustomed to buy in one season. In fact we have added largely to this department on account of the increase in trade, and have bought in excess of usual purchases in order to meet this demand.

We invite a careful and critical examination of these goods, which have been purchased from the very doors of the mills, and many of the pieces before they were through the looms.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED ANOTHER LARGE SHIPMENT OF FURNITURE!

From this department we have touched the pulse of the trade throughout the south, and to every one in need of good furniture we invite a personal interview.

We handle all the grades in hard woods. Everything first-class, sound and faultless. We have just opened the most exquisite lot of parlor goods ever shown in the southern states.

WE STILL HAVE A REMNANT OF MILLINERY!

Having closed out all the Bonnets, Hats and Shapes during the last week we are now determined to let the Plumes and Tips, Birds, Feathers, Ribbons and other Millinery Trimmings go, and at once, as we have no room for them. Now is the time for some enterprising milliner to consider this question. The goods can be seen any time, and will be sold at wholesale or retail until the lot is gone. See this week for yourself and you will buy at your price some of these exquisite imported goods.

All the Spring Styles in Shoes, Slippers and Ladies' Boots are now in. We have the most select shoe trade in the south. We fit the shoe to the foot, and guarantee every pair. Nothing common, cheap or shoddy.

SEE AND PRICE WITH US THIS WEEK.

Don't forget that you can buy the millinery goods. No price is put on the lot. Our only object is to sell at once.

CHAMBERLIN, JOHNSON & CO.

BILL ARP'S PHILOSOPHY.

When a man writes every week to the public and dispenses his random thoughts it is reasonable to suppose that some people will join issues with him. Of course they will, for we can't all see alike, and so I have no right to be offended when I receive letters that question my position or deny my conclusions. But I receive a good many letters that make me feel sad and helpless and that discourage my hopes of harmonizing our northern brethren. Some of these letters are anonymous and scandalous and vindictive and go into the fire without a thought. But some are sincerely written with good intent and only show how ignorance and delusion can make a fool of a good-hearted man.

The following letter is a fair sample of some that have been sent of late, and it will explain why I feel helpless:

WOODBURN, IOWA.—Bill Arp: For several years I have been reading and enjoying your weekly letters and your moralizing upon the common affairs of men. You are a good man, and I like you as a brother, as you call him, you seem to be entirely unable to see a man under a dark skin. Do try for the sake of your influence with your people to rise above your inherited prejudices. From the past you have been taking the part of the negro, who has no rights which a white man is bound to respect. Do you want to fight it out on that basis? You don't seem to realize the changes that thirty years have made, or you would not at the consequences of a conflict on such grounds. Did it never occur to you how ridiculous it was for your people to fight for the negro for them, when you were fighting his vice? I am alone, and without a friend, do not stand in the way of destiny. Many of our union soldiers would be glad to see good honest negroes for their masters, but your cut throats and you lawless classes that you represent every generous impulse.

JOHN NEWSOME,

Old Army of the Potomac. I believe that Mr. Newsome is at heart a good man. He is one among the negroes who are just as clever and just as ignorant, and that is what the matter. Northern politicians and northern newspapers have so long deceived the masses that we cannot undeceive them. They still believe that secession was treason, and that the confederacy was oppressed, and that our society is largely mixed with cut throats and assassins. Mr. Newsome begs me to rise above my inherited prejudices. Perhaps he would be surprised to learn that my father was a native of Vermont and was born in 1800. I am sure that his prejudices were all against the south, which he married a southern girl and eventually became an owner of slaves. If there ever lived a better, purer, nobler man than my father, in his humble sphere I never knew him. His outlivers are a southernner that his influence and his wife brought nearly all his kindred and many of his New England friends to Georgia, and they, too, became slave owners. They did what they could to cover up their secret, and it is to cover up their secret that those who were our slaves are now found in the jails or changings of the south.

Prejudice means a "judgment before"—that is, before investigating the matter. I was born and raised with negroes and have known and studied them as a race, individually and collectively, from my youth up, and can have no prejudices. Mr. Newsome has had no such experience; perhaps he never saw a hundred in his life; perhaps he never hired one or worked with one, or befriended one. He lives a thousand miles away from the south, and he has no children to school where there were negroes working in the fields near by where his daughter worked. He knows nothing of the apprehension that parents feel who live in the country and have to send their girls to school or on errands to their masters, or who sometimes have to leave with an uneducated unprotected at home. Only two weeks ago a boy of ten was lynched near Madison. The sweet and innocent child of only twelve summers was found in a deep ditch where he had outraged her, and her throat from ear to ear, and afterwards confessed that she begged him might hard not to kill her, for she was afraid she'd tell on him." He did not cry, but beat wildly and grieve over the agony of that poor child. Hardly a week passes that our newspaper do not record a similar case somewhere—not so heart-rending, perhaps, but

always brutal and fiendish, and always perpetrated by the new set that have grown up since the war. These things are ever before us in memory and our vengeance, though smothered and unspoken is burning in the southern heart. If I could get control of Mr. Newsome seems to theorize, we would be the negroes and their northern allies who take a part in it. When only 700 brave men under Sam Houston defeated Santa Anna and all his army, the cry that served their arms and gave them victory was "remember the Alamo," and so when the confederates, if it shall be so, our people will have a little cry in almost every community.

"We are negro preachers or teachers, and I loved the peace and the welfare of my race I would preach and teach them continually the enormity of such crimes, but they do not. They had rather preach and teach the negroes of the north, and make no painful appeals to their northern friends, but Lynch law will go on nevertheless, and neither Governor Gordon nor his military

companions can stop it.

Dr. Austin Phelps answers to all this. "Why don't you educate him up to the level of the southern ballot?" asks Mr. Newsome. "Let him vote, and do not stand in the way of destiny." Well, we have been educating him with all our might, and he has been voting in the republican ticket with all his might, and yet our penitentiary records show that eighty per cent of the colored voters in the state have been sent up with the last ten convicts who can read and write and were never slaves.

Now, Mr. Newsome, let us say to you and your sympathetic friends in all kindness and good will that we know that the negro, as race, is not fit to govern our people, and we do not intend that he shall ever do so, even as a free man. I stand without a friend, but if his vote would put him in office he should not hold it, and that is all there is about it. In the black cotton belt and the sugar region, where they number five or ten for one white man, we are willing to let them have representation in our legislatures, but then, then, they come and interfere with the lawmaking rights of our friends—not our enemies. Then consign this to the southern archives as a memento of your conservative course as a distinguished, courteous and impartial speaker of the Mississippi house of representatives."

Mr. Newsome's answer is to make an appropriation for the confederate monument and the large appropriations for white institutions. But we regarded the voting for these bills as a feeble but sincere manifestation of our race gratitude.

"As this tax service glitter against the brilliant chandeliers of our hall may your useful service as a statesman glitter in future counsels for peace and good will. Then take it, sir, as the permanent bridging of the race chasm in this state. Take it as a guarantee that no blasting apprehensions are entertained by the colored people of this state.

This democratic cause has not been

done to govern this part of the country, conflict or no conflict. Our salvation depends upon it. If the negroes don't like it, they can go to Iowa or Vermont. The masses of them have but little to do with the south white men, and that they are the ones that have eliminated those prejudices from the mind of the feeble six and for them I speak.

If the spirit manifested by this body prevails

through the state, it is a certain and sure solution of the race problem in Mississippi. This has been called the Jeff Davis measure because the republicans all voted for the confederate monument bill and the large appropriations for white institutions.

But we regarded the voting for these bills as a feeble but sincere manifestation of our race gratitude.

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WEST POINT FLIRTING.

THE SUSCEPTIBLE NATURES OF THE YOUTHFUL ASPIRANTS TO HONOR.

Some Favorite Spookey Retreats—With Several Stories Illustrating the Phases of Society at West Point.

THE mysterious "something" which lays hold of a young man's heart, tugging relentlessly and refusing to be comforted save by the presence of one of the opposite sex, is an ever present element at West Point. There seems to be an undefined connection between "lady-love" and "soldier," and although the exact nature of this connection cannot be expressed with printer's ink, let it suffice to know that every West Point cadet is either at all times in love, or at all times so susceptible that a pretty face will cause him to get the hardships of his daily life and to



connect the most profound depths of his most close study with the same aforesaid pretty face.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," sings the poet, but had he been on intimate terms with the cadet young man, he would have expanded the "spring" part of his song until it included the entire four seasons of the year. For, not content with the simple, sentimental, and soliloquies, (tragically) "I have loved," (joyously) "I love," (optimistically) "and, judging from the past, it is very probable that I shall love!"

During the first year of his school life the cadet is not a very lovable object. At first the iron-clad rules, regulations, and customs require that he should be around in such a stiff and ungracious manner, the palms of his hands turned straight to the front and his toes digging the ground at every step, that the many fair visitors are more inclined to laugh at him than permit his attentions.

And then again, during his first year the cadet is not "in the swim." It is considered necessary for him to live in the socially-beneficial society of West Point, one year before the doors of society shall be thrown open to him. During this year the rough spots of his society exterior are supposed to be toned down. He receives instruction in the art of dancing, and keeps his eyes open at all times to do his duty, cover the eyes of any etiquette.

Among the many stories that are told of the new cadet's first year to society, the following, I think, best shows the necessity of placing some restraint upon him. A new cadet, who, by the way, hailed from Tennessee, was once enjoying his first cadet dance. His partner was a very charming girl, who during the previous winter, had been one of the fairest in the marriage ceremony.

As the music died away the girl made some commonplace remark about the excessive vivacity of the new cadet.

"Yes," answered her partner, as he摸ed his moistened brow, "I've sweat most a quart."

For one long, dreary year then the society of the other sex is something unknown to the new cadet.

Does he become discouraged?

Oh, no; not at all. There is a channel through which the pent up feeling of tenderness may be carried away, and as he is everlastingly surcharged in this direction, it is necessary to follow this expedient. Accordingly, he writes letters, long, love-laden missives that case his own spirit, and carry the postal authorities back to the days of their youth, as carelessly their hands come in contact with the outside of the envelope.

But what of this? Are they not all dear, good girls? And is not she (to her own particular advantage) the most beautiful girl in the world? For cadet love is blind.

Each cadet thus debarred from society has a picture of himself, and of these pictures, the man by far is the fairest, of New York, others by McGuffey, of Texas. Some of the pictures represent fair young maidens, with dreamy, soulful eyes, while others but faintly express the reaching-around-a-corner squint that must belong to the subject.

But what of this? Are they not all dear, good girls? And is not she (to her own particular advantage) the most beautiful girl in the world? For cadet love is blind.

The bell button is the favorite cadet souvenir.

It is mostly one of the many small glistening buttons that adorn the cadet's coat. Removed from the coat, the button is sent to a jeweler, who gold-plates it and carves on it:

A. B. C. FROM X. Y. Z.

and return it to the cadet with a bill for \$1.50.

The emblem is then forwarded to the fair lady, who, though she may be glad to receive the button before its transformation was worn directly over his heart, a statement that, in youthful ignorance, is supposed to make the button doubly dear to the maid.

Many girls on their first visit to West Point take violent attacks of this "bell-button fever," and they rarely recover from it in the possession of a very number of the buttons.

And how the poor youth's heart beats in gladness when some pretty girl, whom he ardently admires, coyly and sweetly tells him how she would treasure a bell button he would give her!

For some unexplainable reason, it was once impressed to the writer, during his student days, that one of these buttons would be gladly accepted by a very charming girl. She had been the constant object of my thoughts ever since I had met her (one day before the request). Accordingly, the seventh heaven of delight but feebly expressed the transports of joy that I experienced at the thought that she would wear a button that I might give her.

Angostura Bitters, the world renowned South American appetizer, cures dyspepsia, &c. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert, Sons, sole manufacturers. "All our druggists."

Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc. quickly relieved by Brown's BRONCHIAL TROUBLES. A simple and effectual remedy, superior to all other articles for the same purpose. Sold only in boxes.

Mother, Mother, Mother—Don't Fall to procure MRS. WINLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases incident to the period of teething in children. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

That night after the usual hop I walked to camp forgetful of everything save this one

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SOME FAULTS OF MEN.

WHAT WOMEN THINK OF THE FRAILTIES OF THE SEX.

The Kind of Men They Would Not Marry—Different Types of Social Faults.

A lot of young girls were describing their ideal heroes the other day, when a pretty young woman some seasons out and known to be decidedly fastidious declared, that after a critical study of mankind she found it decidedly easier to describe the kind of man that she wouldn't marry than the kind of one she would.

"What do you think is the worst sort of man to marry?" asked the other.

"Well, I scarcely know. All sorts of men mean husbands; dissipated men, selfish men, unfaithful men, cross men, jealous men, stingy men—why, I could go on naming men with disagreeable characteristics forever. I believe, however, that the worst fate on earth would be to be married to a rich man with a mind so stingy little soul."

"But if the man loved you," interrupted a sentimental maid, "he wouldn't be stingy to you."

"If I married such a rich man, it wouldn't be for love but for money, and I couldn't use all the little wheeling ways for getting his ducats out of him that a woman in love is mistress of. Then to have him exact a strict account of every dime I spent when I had looked forward to spending his money freely—well, I think it would kill me. I should look forward to helping my poor friends and relatives, and not to be able to do it would be so hard."

"But I don't believe any man would be so stingy," said the sentimental girl.

"You don't? Well, you just haven't watched mean husbands as I have. Why, I know a woman who married one of those rich, mean men, and when she wanted to give some of her old clothes to some poor relatives he made her pack them all up and sent them out to his plantation, where he sold them to his negroes for a good sum. He would give her as many fine clothes as she wanted, for he liked to have his wife appear well, but she didn't care for dress, and she was never allowed to spend money as she wished. She made money on his farm selling fruit, eggs, chickens, etc., but she had to account to him for that even. It was never her mind—her very own to do with as she pleased. I think that sort of a man would make any woman utterly wretched. As his wife is worse than a servant, for she doesn't even have the privilege of spending at her own sweet will the money which ought to be hers as the wages for her household duties. In such a position, I should quietly fold my hands and say, 'Now, I charge you so much for my services as housekeeper and overseer of our domestic affairs. Those wages are to be mine without question, and if you don't choose to give them, why get a housekeeper, and I shall remain the idle inmate of your establishment!'

"Smaller faults than this one can make a man undesirable in a girl's eyes," said a pretty beauty.

"Last summer I paid a visit to some friends in the country, and, while there, fell in love and became engaged to a young planter—a man handsome, manly and really admirable in every way. I went from the country to visit very swell people in the city, and my fiance called the drawing room was full of gay people. He entered, wearing, among other things, an expansive white vest, and, as he was being introduced, he stumbled over a piano stool. I hated that man then and there. I could have forgiven the white vest, but never the awkwardness. I pictured him flirting the gravy over the table as he served the turkey; I saw him stepping on women's gowns at entertainments; I thought of his awkwardness as host and guest until it would have driven me mad had I not bid him return to his native heath and never let me gaze upon him more."

"A voice can go against a man as much as a man's manner," said another. "I could never love a man who lisped. I should always feel ashamed of him and disgusted with him no matter how clever or good looking he was. To me a lisping voice is, in a man or woman, always indicative of deceit, and in the former the idea of effeminacy is added. I had a lisping beau once—a very bright, attractive fellow tall and manly looking. Everybody wondered at my refusing him. I, myself, didn't think I would ask him in accents like a three-year-old child."

"I could marry a lisper," said a girl feelingly, "rather than a man with one of these high-keyed, cracked voices. Nothing on earth would be more mortifying than this sort of a husband. I was engaged to such a one and a friend was sounding his praises, when she paused and then said, 'oh, but that voice, it is simply dreadful.' The voice sounds real niggerish. The words remained with me and I'm unmarried still. I thought of our wedding journey, and when the car stopped because the people would be startled and turn and stare as those cracked-piping tones reached their ears. No matter what a man's dignity, bearing or character may be, if he has this sort of a voice, he cannot gain respect and admiration unless it be from an acquaintance long and intimate enough to discover his true worth. Now a woman may love her husband dearly and yet there is something missing that she does not gain spontaneous admiration and respect from others."

"Let a man be everything and lack dignity, and he is unworthy in a woman's eyes," said a girl who has had many lovers. "I don't see how an undignified man ever happens to get married—a man who makes a fool of himself in public, who is a buffoon, a would-be-wit, a painter, a singer of comic songs, or a repeater of poetry. I always hated that sort of male creatures from the time I put on long frocks and went to picnics in the holidays. The boys who insisted on wearing the girls' hats, who said and did silly, undignified things, were loathsome in my sight, and because I am my self of a gay and rather undignified style, this sort of boy and men have always adored me. I had a lover once, really as beautiful physically as any creature I ever saw, but he would sing comic songs, sing them on the train, in the street car, any and everywhere. It shuddered when I thought of him. It has been many years since we have met. I hope we shall never meet again."

"All these faults," said the girl who first started the subject, "are minor ones and some of them a sensible wife might eradicate or lessen, but there are so many faults men have which are found out after marriage. Now the inhospitable, boorish husband, is ever a disagreeable lover. He doesn't make himself known as he is, until he has a home of his own. You invite some friends to lunch or dine, and the milk of kindness in his breast, if he has any, turns to clabber. He makes the atmosphere heavy with his unpleasant temper. Everything on the table tastes wrong to you, you feel uneasy about your menu and its service, and the people who are partaking of it. Your hospitality becomes shabby and leaden as a cold potato, and when the people go, you kneel down and say a prayer of thankfulness, and take a resolution never to issue another invitation as long as you live. If I were asked what fault in men women found most endurable, I think I should answer 'selfishness.' The professed selfishness of women are, by nature, unselfish wives. They love to do that foolish."

early coddling and tireless waiting on which all men love, and selfish men take as their due. Other women may get out of patience with the selfish, exacting husband of their friend, but the wife herself takes it as a matter of course, and something not to be minded in the least."

"Of all unendurable husbands," said the very sentimental girl, "I think the worst and most exasperating would be an utterly indifferent one—a man who lets his wife do exactly as she pleases, simply because he didn't care what she did; a man in whom you could excite neither love nor hate, jealousy or admiration. Think of loving a man like that; of living with him and longing for some show of interest or tenderness. To walk with such a man through the gates of paradise would be more terrible to me than hates itself. I could not endure it. I should eat my heart out. I have seen a few such men. Their wives cry and plead at first like dogs, then they grow silent and dumb and white, and when they die or go mad run off with some other man."

"You all are growing tragical," laughed a man who had joined the group, "but, after all, what does this talk amount to. In a few years I expect to see you married to the very sort of men whose faults you now say you most detest. It is generally the way."

MAUDE ANDREWS.

GENERAL GEORGIA NEWS.

The Times and the police are waging war on the gamblers of Brunswick.

Brunswick banks are in a flourishing condition. The showing made by the First National bank of that city, on Thursday, was an excellent one.

Albany's board of trade has been reorganized, and the citizens are rejoicing.

Albany wants a loan and improvement company.

The Albany Lumber company is now in full blast with the largest stock of lumber ever carried that market.

If Augusta has an exposition this fall another hotel will be necessary. There is talk of building one.

Augusta's local military is on a boom, and at the time for the June encampment draws near the men of the respective companies grow more and more. All of the organizations have been reinforced within the last few weeks with new recruits, and the prospects for a fine showing for Augusta and her soldier boys next summer could not be better.

There is a lady living near Flowery Branch who has never seen a railroad train, and yet she has lived within one mile of the track for ten years. She is not blind, but simply has no curiosity in that direction.

The most popular probability is that Vice-President Morton will visit Brunswick. The committee to invite him there met with decided encouragement, and feel confident that their mission will prove a success.

Sheriff Moore, of Swainsboro, has gone to Texas after Mr. Williamson, who killed Mr. Collins, in the lower part of the county about two years ago. Williamson is now in jail in Texas, and Sheriff Moore will have him ready for the superior court, which convenes on the first Monday in April.

Candler seems to be leading the southwest Georgia towns in enterprise. A mammoth smoke factory is now to be erected there.

Moses Trimble, the young son of Professor A. F. Trimble, of Hogansville, was paralyzed Tuesday afternoon from the effects of injuries received while turning a somersault down a railroad embankment.

The citizens of Americus want no side-tracks on Cotton Avenue. A railroad bridge has been suggested.

A Thomasville policeman, while on his rounds Wednesday, stumbled over a curious article. It was made of a thick leather tube, about three inches long, with both ends tightly plugged, and was presented by a man who examined it to be a genuine dynamite bomb.

Last Monday night Judge Hansell traveled forty miles to and from Statesville, the county site, and transacted the business of Echols county superior court.

A \$20,000 brick hotel in Cuthbert is now an assured fact.

Real estate is booming in Cedartown, and the town is enjoying general prosperity.

Cedartown's business men show up well in the columns of the Citizen.

It is believed that Cedartown will soon be one of the greatest iron producing centers of the south. Experts pronounce the iron ore as superior to the ores of Pennsylvania, and say that the section is destined to be an important manufacturing point.

The committee on the Northwest Georgia fair met recently at Rock Springs. It is believed the fair can and will be made a success.

The Statesboro Eagle records the death of "Aunt" Peggy Walker, in her 94th year. She was probably the oldest person in Bulloch county and was one of the slaves of General Robert E. Lee.

Judge Hines is making it hard for those who carry concealed weapons. The Sandersville Herald says that at this term of court the fine was raised to \$100 and costs, as some have found to their sorrow.

A new school house is being built at Price, and is nearing completion. In connection with it the school district are subscribing to build an additional story, to be used for a justice of the peace room.

Gainesville, following the example of other progressive towns, hopes to inaugurate a board of trade at an early date.

New pupils still continue to enroll at Andrew and the Agricultural college, Cuthbert. Each already has an enrollment which is the largest in the history of the institutions.

There is a young man of twenty-one near Vic, Irwin county, who was never intoxicated, never spent but ten cents for drink (and that was for lemonade to cool his sweat), never used an oath, never carried a pistol, and never sparked a new match.

—The Dalton Post says the river freight has assumed a regular pace. It has increased so much within the past few weeks that the steamer Laurens cannot handle it, and Captain Henry is hourly expected with a boat from Abbville.

The report of the condition of the First National bank of Gainesville, is very gratifying to the citizens. It ranks with the best institutions of the kind in Georgia.

If the growth of a place may be inferred from the increase of its mail, LaGrange is certainly on a big boom. Captain W. S. Evans, postmaster, now distributes twice as many letters and three times as many papers as he did one year ago.

The citizens of Franklin, Heard county, held a meeting at the courthouse in that city on last Tuesday and appointed a committee to notify the citizens of West Point that they are ready to cooperate with them in opening the river. The committee was instructed to notify the citizens of West Point that Wednesday, March 26th, at 12 m., there would be a citizen's meeting of the whole county at Heard's conference room.

—LaGrange is large in the woods around LaGrange. He escaped from Mr. H. K. Brady as the two were at the depot on Wednesday morning waiting to board the goober train for Millidgeville. The crazy boy's name is Alonzo Holt, and he was adjudged on Monday a fit subject for the asylum. When last seen he was sailing through the woods at a rapid speed.

The Presbyterians are contemplating the erection of a church at Adairsville.

Only next week, the yacht Rambler is expected to be at the dock in Atlanta. The two, Rambler is commanded by Captain Miller, and is on her way from New York to Jacksonville. The crazy boy's name is Alonzo Holt, and he was adjudged on Monday a fit subject for the asylum. When last seen he was sailing through the woods at a rapid speed.

—Two years ago, Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, Bart., member of parliament from Dublin, came to Savannah as the guest of the Irish-American. While there, he made an address on the progress of the cause of Ireland. He is now in Jackson ville, and an effort will probably be made to have him visit Savannah again.

Silver serge is fashionable for tailor gowns.

It is a novelty cloth, woven with a peculiarly twisted quilt thread that gives the warp a

FACTS OF FASHIONS.

SOME STRIKINGLY HANDSOME GOWNS THAT ARE NEW.

American Women Are Better Dressed Than Their English Sisters—How Redfern Leads His Competitors.

Certain it is that a woman must have a natural born, inherent instinct in order to dress well; for rules are of no more avail in teaching her the art than maxims can teach her to sit and walk and pose gracefully.

Our English cousins think themselves an infatuation in regard to dress, and many periodicals are launched on the public on this subject. But in spite of all this knowledge thrust upon us, can English women boast themselves to be exponents of style and beauty, and in charm of manner and grace?

An English woman's ballroom gown is often than otherwise covered with strands of roses and unmeaning blossoms with but a suggestion of lace about the extremely decollete neck. To be sure her street gowns are better, but even here she cannot approach her American cousin in one of Redfern's masterpieces.

Here is one of his latest designs, a chic little driving coat made of fawn-colored Polo cloth, whose linen twill makes it perfectly water-

proof. With these smart suits of dark blue and brown, white cloth is used for a vest. In the homes, checks and stripes, dotted muslin and printed Marseilles are used for the waistcoat. Very English tailor-made girls have the basque made to fit about the neck after the fashion of a man's coat. A regular shirt effect is produced by means of a cape collar, about which the band of a flat scarf is passed. A scarf-pin

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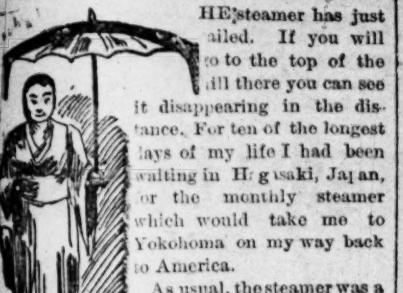
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LIFE IN JAPAN.



HE steamer has just sailed. If you will go to the top of the hill there you can see it disappearing in the distance. For ten of the longest days of my life I had been waiting in Nagasaki, Japan, on the monthly steamer which would take me to Yokohama on my way back to America.

As usual, the steamer was a day or two behind its time, and when I returned from a visit to an Englishman's bungalow, some ten miles in the interior, I was greeted with the pleasing information that the steamer had come and gone and I was left behind.

The prospect of a whole month in Nagasaki, with the thermometer at 105 in the shade, made me desperate and regardless of the heat. I rushed about asking advice from old residents and seeking some means by which I could overtake the steamer and avoid the lay.

A long residence in the east had rendered most of the European settlers apathetic, and I received the same advice from everybody.

"Wait, dear boy, wait," said all of them,

"and try to make yourself as comfortable as you can."

Finally, however, I met a young Englishman who explained to me that Nagasaki was situated on the Pacific side of the island of Sankaido Kiusiu, and the steamer had to go way around the end of the island in order to enter the inland sea through the Tanakapelan straits. He also explained that if I could get a conveyance and cross the island I could reach the town of Ki Kara in time to intercept the steamer.

Overjoyed by even a remote prospect of relief from my enforced stay in Nagasaki, I hurried off to secure a conveyance and prepare for my departure.

What I learned was not encouraging, but still I did not despair, and I determined to pursue the plan I had determined on.

I was told that the interior of the island was in a state of rebellion. One of the mikados' left-handed brothers had asserted that he had as good a right as anybody to rule over the land and he had raised an army which the royal troops were at that time trying to disperse.

My friends insisted that to cross the island would take three days, and it was very doubtful if I caught the steamer, even if I escaped the many dangers which would attend such a journey.

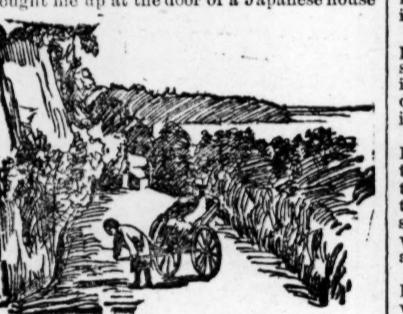
I was determined, however, to make the attempt, and I finally secured a general permit to cross the island alone, and made across the island in his wheeled baby carriage, if I could secure the consent of the Japanese authorities. After some delay, I procured all the necessary documents, and was even given a letter from the governor-general of the province which entitled me to the protection of the government in case of trouble. I fell into the hands of the insurgents, I realized that I would have to take my chances, and I knew that my prospects would not be brilliant.

In order to avoid attention as much as possible I took off my European clothes and wrapped myself in the long garments of Japanese gentlemen, besting the fabric which fastened them and wear the broad silk belt about my waist. I had concealed two good revolvers. In spite of these protectors when the time for starting came I felt exceedingly nervous and was strongly tempted to give up the undertaking.

It was too late to change my mind, however, and I began to walk, beginning to climb the hill on which Nagasaki is built. I gave the word of command, and my Rickshaw man with a yell whirled me down the street and out into the country.

Once the town was behind us the tough little Rickshaw puller assumed a dog trot, from which he never varied. Up and down, down and up, over the sand, until I feared that he would give out before the first station was made, and I would be left to walk back to Nagasaki.

My fears were entirely groundless, and we continued our way until 9 o'clock, when I suddenly put on a spurt and, with a whoop, brought me up at the door of a Japanese house



where he informed me by signs that we would spend the night.

By the time I had alighted, from the Rickshaw, the door was opened, and I was directed to a Japanese man, and a woman appeared. After some argument, they consented to admit me, and then pointing to a mat in one corner of the room they retired to another mat in the opposite corner from which our arrival had evidently aroused them, and in few minutes I was convinced beyond the peradventure of a doubt that they were both sound asleep.

At daylight I was awakened and thought I was full of aches from the hard bed on which I had slept. I felt some compunction about making a complaint as my night's lodging only cost me ten cents.

After a hasty breakfast my Rickshaw man hastened himself into the shafts and we continued our journey.

All went well until the afternoon when I judged from the general slope of the land that we had crossed the main ridge and were somewhere in the center of the island.

The trees were few, and I was beginning to look for a convenient place to pass the night when suddenly a frightful noise arose immediately in front of us.

It was impossible to see anything because the crest of a hill cut off the view of the valley below, but from the report discharge of guns and the wild yell it was evident that a battle of some sort was in progress.

Getting out of my Rickshaw I crawled to the top of the hill and looked down.

A company of about fifty soldiers, evidently government troops from their arms and uniforms, were in the act of charging a party of 100 rebels with picketing clubs, swords, and sharp spears and javelins, and also with a few guns. All the efforts of the leader of the rabble to hold his men in position were evidently useless, because with a yell they broke and fled for the woods, which covered the sides of the hills. I noticed that these rebels held their rifles out in front of them, and several bodies of corpses assume when suddenly shot while taking some violent action. Fearing, however, that some of the refugees might come my way, I turned to seek my Rickshaw, thinking that I would seek the nearest house and ask for shelter.

As I looked around the Rickshaw man was in the act of turning, and when I called for him to stop he fled at the top of his speed in the direction from which we had come. I tried frantically to overtake him, but finding that we were still in the middle of the hill and offered him everything I could think of to come back. He paid no attention to me, and I continued watching him until he disappeared over a hill, and then for the first time I realized what it was to be left alone in a strange country in which a war was going on, and with no knowledge whatever of the language.

For a time I sat alone, my money and my letters in my belt, so I finally concluded to seek refuge behind some trees, and there decide upon some plan of action. It seemed as dangerous to go back as to go on my way, and so, after waiting until it was quite dark I left my hiding place and took the road home.

In accordance with the Japanese fashion, I wore on my feet white mittens, with a place for the big toe, and sandals. The unaccus-

tomed foot gear made it hard to walk, and the stones constantly bruised my feet.

Finally I saw a light before me, and then I felt that for the time I might find a shelter, or a guide, who would lead me to the place where the soldiers were camped.



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Some Scenes That Are Striking—With Some Account of the Manner in Which a Class of People Make a Living.

The old wagon yard.

Were you ever there?

If not you have missed one of the most striking scenes about the city.

It is a relic of the good old times that used to be.

Located on Dyatow street, it was established by Mr. Charles M. Morris, a quarter of a century ago, in the good old days when Atlanta's country trade was a much larger feature of the city's business than it is at present.

A large square of ground was purchased, and in the center a green looking little brick building was erected, in appearance a cross between a Daniel Boone blockhouse and an English castle.

It remains today, a unique sample of the period. It is three stories high and contains twelve rooms, the second story being surrounded with a balcony.

Around the square about one hundred stalls were built for horses and mules, with an ample cattle yard in the rear, for the benefit of drovers.

The object of the wagon yard was two fold.

First, it was quite a paying investment; and second, it was a great convenience to the farmers who came to the town to trade, and who still come from the Blue Ridge to the Pine mountains.

All sorts of people put up at the wagon yard.

The rooms in the little brick building are free to all comers, and so is the yard, during the day, a small fee being charged for keeping stock over night.

The farmers, peddlers, gypsies and travelers generally ask for the wagon yard as soon as they strike the city. They remove their provisions and horse feed, with supply of fuel collected on the journey, from their wagons, and places such things as do not require immediate use in one of the lower rooms of the building. Then they select a room upstairs when they build a fire, cook, eat and sleep, enjoying themselves as they go.

Most of the people put up at the wagon yard, and there is just about as much business done there, in a certain line, as anywhere else in Atlanta.

A countryman who has a horse or mule that he wishes to swap, seeks the wagon yard, where there is some other fellow equally desirous of making a bargain.

It is then that the owner of the sore-backed mule and the proprietor of the spavined mare, meet on equal terms.

"Hello, stranger! want to swap horses?"

"No, not particular. Got a mighty good mule here, but don't much keen to swap."

"I've got a fine brood mare here, just a little lame from a gravel stone under the off shoe of her fore foot."

"Want to swap?"

"Not so overly anxious. Why, wife'd have a fit if I was to swap the filly. She raised 'er see, an' she's a reg'lar pet."

"That's the way er my mule. Children all jest do on 'er."

"Does he work well?"

"Best you ever saw. This is the fo' th crop I've made with 'im, an' you never saw a colt gentler."

"My mare's got'er colt teeth yet. You jist see how she can rack. Natcher' pacer."

"My mule kin ont pull a steap en-gine. That's how come 'is back skinned up. Helped a fellow pull 'is waggon out'n a bog hole."

"I'd like to have a good mule."

"I wouldn't swap for nothing less'n a young mare."

"Git on this er beast an' see how she kin git up an' git."

"All right. You kin try this mule of you feel like it. Gentle as dog."

And then they mount, each on the other's animal, and a series of gyrations follows that would be a study for an artist. Up and down and around and around, the spavined mare and the sore backed mule, till a trade is started.

"I like yer mare, but you musn't gimme boot."

"Oh, thunder! Boot's on t'other laig."

"No, sirree; not by a jug full. Come, now, do you want ter swap horses?"

"Gimme twenty-five dollars—"

"Twenty-five, hellions! I'll give you ten."

"Split the difference."

"For that ol' sore-backed mule o' yours?"

"What you talkin' about? The ol' mare's spavined. I'll give you twelve an' a ha'f of you'll treat."

"All right. You kin try this mule of you feel like it. Gentle as dog."

And then they mount, each on the other's animal, and a series of gyrations follows that would be a study for an artist. Up and down and around and around, the spavined mare and the sore backed mule, till a trade is started.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Watches Repaired.
Skilled workmen and all modern tools and machinery gives us superior facilities for doing the best class of work. Freeman & Crankshaw.
Watches Demagnetized.
ton 1st col Sp.

OPIUM
Atlanta, Ga. Office 10½ Whitehall St.

DIAMONDS,
DIAMONDS,
DIAMONDS.

WATCHES,
WATCHES,
WATCHES.

Everything in our line at the very lowest prices. Save money by looking at our stock.

A. L. DELKIN & CO.,
98 WHITEHALL STREET.
Feb 16—dtf 1st col 8 pg

MY KIDNEYS.

Yours, your kidneys are one of the most vital parts of your body. They are the great

BLOOD FILTERERS

and must be kept pure, clean and in their normal condition if you want to enjoy good health.

THE WEAK AND NERVOUS

have their kidneys affected. Their kidneys need cleaning and restoration to their normal condition, then the blood becomes purified and the bloom of health returns. In order to cleanse your kidneys, use Stuart's

GIN AND BUCHU!

It is the one reliable remedy. Simple, cheap and effective. It is an infallible remedy for kidney, bladder and all urinary diseases. It has

CURED THOUSANDS!

Mr. E. L. D. Mobley suffered for years from excruciating pain in the bladder. Stuart's Gin and Buchu "made him a well man."

Dr. B. A. Fontaine, after a long trial, recommends Stuart's Gin and Buchu to the profession and public as a remedy for all kidney and urinary troubles.

Mr. W. A. Gentry "considers Stuart's Gin and Buchu the best kidney, urinary and bladder remedy in the world."

Sold by all druggists.

nmr

G. W. ADAIR, REAL ESTATE.

I have for sale a splendid residence in perfect order, on nice corner lot, 60 feet front, on Falliam street.

A rent-paying plant, 3 houses near East Tennessee shops, rent \$26.00 per month, at \$2.750.

Five houses, renting at \$43.00 per month, at \$5.000.

A tract of 8 lots, near East Tennessee shops, at \$1.000. A good speculation.

I have several pieces of central property at reasonable prices.

Parties having property to sell would do well to place it in my hands.

I am prepared to conduct auction sales at any time.

G. W. ADAIR,

5 Kimball House, Wall St.

Sp

H. L. WILSON,
AUCTIONEER,

27—ELEGANT VACANT LOTS—27

For Sale at Auction
ON NORTH AVENUE, SPRING AND WILLIAMS
STREETS.

March 25th, 1890, at 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.

This is strictly first-class residence property. In fact, the best unimproved lots on the north side of Atlanta. Elegant buildings are on the adjoining lots, occupied by the very best of people. Paved streets, gas and water are already provided. Streets are now even, and all other conveniences desired. Plans are now being made and will be had at my office, No. 3 Kimball House Pryor St.

H. L. WILSON
Real Estate Agent.

mar 13 std sp

A. J. WEST, H. F. WEST.

A. J. WEST & CO.

REAL ESTATE,

No. 7 Kimball House, Pryor St.

BUSINESS LOT DECATUR ST., 20x75, CORNER,

\$1,000.
Lot next to above, same size, \$1,200.

Value lot 50x100, Dunlop st, near Cane, \$1,000.

Handsome lot West Peachtree st, near in, \$20,000.

4,500.

House and lot, Luckie st, one block from Peachtree st, \$5,200.

House and lot, Hood st, 6-room house, lot 50x75, \$2,000.

22x30 corner Ponce DeLeon and Jackson, choice and cheap.

PETERS' LAND COMPANY.

We are offering and selling bargains on West Peachtree, Spring, Cherry and other sts., embracing the Peters' Land company property. Gold, buggy and salesman ready to show it to you.

10 acres Jackson st., near Ponce DeLeon, at a price that will double itself in two years.

7 acres near Angier's spring, \$3,000.

18 acres within 700 feet of Van Winkle's, \$300 per acre.

113 acres near East Point, \$50 per acre.

6 good lots, high and pretty, Lovejoy and Fowler, \$2,400.

beautiful lots East Pine st., electric car, \$5,000.

Special lots, large, prominent road, 3 miles post in center of it, \$1,500.

20 acres 3½ miles, large front \$2,000.

5 acres original Forest, C. R. R. Joining Dr. Knott

Acres property at East Point, Hapeville, Edgewood, Kirkwood, etc.

general.

Those wishing to sell real estate will do well to leave a description of the property, its value, use, Money to loan on Atlanta real estate. No delay.

A. J. WEST & CO., Real Estate.

NEWS OF THE THEATERS

NO NEW PRODUCTION AND NO BIG SENSATIONS.

Philadelphia Accepts "The Gondoliers" and Francis Wilson—Notes of the Plays and Players—Footlight Notes.

After getting the theatrical razzle-dazzle in New York, Chicago and elsewhere, "The Gondoliers" has received an enthusiastic welcome in Philadelphia, where it was produced by Francis Wilson's company.

The play's reception was, of course, a foregone conclusion. The fact that New York didn't love the play was enough to make Philadelphia love it.

Then, too, the inanity of the world would pass for wit in Philadelphia. Wilson is said to be funny, but he confines himself to his text and can't, therefore, be Wilson.

The Jefferson-Florence combination is back in New York spreading enjoyment. Mrs. Drew and Fred Paulding are accredited with the most conscientious and Sheridan-esque work. In her later scenes Miss Allen acts delightfully, but earlier scenes have a tendency to make the impression she makes. One man in the company who does not get the credit due him is Edwin Varney—another is George Denham.

The production of "Captain Swift" at DeGivie's on Monday was undoubtedly one of the best dramatic events of the season, and was one most highly enjoyed.

Mr. Arthur Forrest and Miss Rand are both favorites here in Atlanta, and they demonstrated in their work in "Captain Swift" that they deserved all of the admiration of their friends. The company, as a whole, was excellent.

Here's a funny snap.

It is called "The Society of Young Girls of Pure Character on the Stage," and it first came to notice by means of a tea given to Mrs. Kendal.

The girls of pure character composing the organization are: Miss Eleanor Tindall, chairwoman; Miss Alice Fisher, vice-chairwoman; Mrs. Kendal, Miss Edie Shinn, Miss Ada Croley and Miss Kittie Cheatham, executive committee; Miss Chalmers, Miss Crossman, Miss Selina Peter, Miss Dorothy Dorr, Miss Jean Gordon, Miss Craddock, Miss Marion Russell, Miss Alice King Livingston, Miss Rockman, Miss Annie Story, Miss Mand Banks, Miss Lizzie Hudson and Miss Jane Stuart.

The Dramatic News wants to know what sort of proof of the possession of the requisite "pure character" they must give to be eligible to membership.

It's dollars to cents that none but the charter members ever get into the "society."

A son of Nicolini has been engaged to sing tenor parts at the Paris Grand opera house. Patti has supplied the money for the young man's costumes, which are said to be of the costliest kind.

Miss Marie Halton, who will be remembered as one of the Calliope stars, has recently left for Europe some months since, has secured all the American rights of Andriani's opera, "La Cigale." She is at present in London, where she will engage a company, sailing from Havre April 5th. Her leading man is M. Taunefenburger, who was in this country a few years ago with Mr. Maurice Grau. Miss Halton, of course, will sing the leading part in the opera, which is to be produced in New York about May 12th. This is, if Mr. Rudolph Aronson will permit her.

Tomorrow Rhea will open at the Broadway Theater, New York, in her new and highly successful production of "Josephine, the Empress of the French." So far as can be judged from newspaper notices, M'l'r Rhea has made the hit of her career in this magnificent play. The New York production is looked forward to with greatest interest. Everything will be prepared upon a grand scale. Rhea is having two new scenes painted for this event. The first is a brilliant ballroom scene in the Tuilleries, and the other an accurate and rich chamber—that of "Josephine"—at Malmaison, in which a striking tableau of Napoleon's return from the Elbe will be shown.

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According to veritable family records the Navarros thereafter were distinguished by exploits both on sea and land. Antonio Navarro, another courageous member of the family, is said to have defeated Sir Francis Drake at Vera Cruz, and to have taken part in the reconquest of Florida. His services were recognized by Philip II, and in 1579 he was made admiral-in-chief of all the naval forces in America. Still another ancestor, so it is stated, Juan Jose Navarro, was in command of the Spanish fleet in 1740, and defeated the British fleet near Toulon. His force was so much inferior to that of the English that the Spaniards were summoned home and were compelled to stand trial. In recognition of this famous victory Navarro was raised to the highest rank of nobility in Spain and given the title of Marquis de la Victoria.

On the mother's side young Navarro is the grandson of John H. Dykers, president of the New York and Harlem railroad at one time and the senior member of the old banking firm of Dykers, Alstyn & Co. This house was established in 1823 and remained in business forty years. Dykers, as the name indicates, belongs to an old Holland family, and is the subject of this notice united both Dutch and Spanish names. Antonio Navarro was born in 1809 and is the eldest son. He was graduated from Columbia college and was admitted to the bar in June, 1884. He and his brother have practised law and the firm is located at 45 Broadway. It is generally conceded that young Navarro is a very handsome and wonderfully accomplished young fellow.

Miss Anderson, 10, Mr. Henry E. Abbey, manager, says, will continue on the stage until the expiration of her contract with him.

The doctor could not tell me what ailed me, but I was helpless and could not use my hands or feet. One day a neighbor brought me a bottle of Bull's Sarsaparilla, and I afterwards got two bottles more, by using which I am now sound and well and able to be out and about.—L. L. Brown, Hahnville, La.

SENT FREE Samples Wall Paper, with pri-

ces and book on how to apply

G. W. M. MAUCK, Atlanta, Ga.

G. W. ADAIR.....AUCTIONEER.

CENTRAL GILT EDGE STORE !

I WILL SELL UPON THE PREMISES ON PEACHTREE STREET, AT THURSDAY,

MARCH 27, 1890, AT

Eleven o'clock sharp a. m., 25 6½ feet 100, upon which is a two-story brick store. This property is in the very center of the business part of the city of Atlanta, and is the object of this notice united both Dutch and Spanish names. Antonio Navarro was born in 1809 and is the eldest son. He was graduated from Columbia college and was admitted to the bar in June, 1884. He and his brother have practised law and the firm is located at 45 Broadway. It is generally conceded that young Navarro is a very handsome and wonderfully accomplished young fellow.

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The doctor could not tell me what ailed me, but I was helpless and could not use my hands or feet. One day a neighbor brought me a bottle of Bull's Sarsaparilla, and I afterwards got two bottles more, by using which I am now sound and well and able to be out and about.—L. L. Brown, Hahnville, La.

PHOTOGRAPHS!

For the next 30 days I will give for \$4 one dozen cabinet photos and a beautiful 16x20 crayon portrait.

This large picture is worth \$10 without the cabinets. Work unsurpassed.

Telephone 269. J. J. FABER, 28½ Whitehall street.

Capitalists are invited to examine it and attend the sale, which will be absolutely on its merit.

G. W. ADAIR,
5 Wall Street, Kimball house.

mar 15, 16, 18, 20, 22, 25, 27-28

G. W. ADAIR.....AUCTIONEER

23--BEAUTIFUL LOTS--23

—ON—

Angier Avenue, Randolph, Rankin and Lawless Streets.

I Will Sell Upon the Premises on

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1890, 3 O'CLOCK,

Twenty-three lots, situated as above. These lots are in one of the most rapidly enhancing sections in the city, recently brought to the front and rendered accessible by its close proximity to Bonelli's Belian and electric railway, within 150 yards of the charming residence of Messrs. Perry, Whiteside, Gates, Judge John L. Hopkins, and many other beautiful residences are in prospecting. No part of Atlanta has recently presented more opportunities for investment, and more and more rapidly than the Boulevard and adjacent streets, giving way to Angie's and Peacock de Leon, and especially the latter, the former being more and more popular.

Capitalists are invited to examine it and attend the sale, which will be absolutely on its merit.

G. W. ADAIR,
5 Wall St.

and any trouble, trouble, cure, easily

DOCUTA capsules. These capsules are cured in seven days. Sold \$1.50 per box, all druggists, or by mail from Docu Mfg. Co., 112 White street, New York. Full directions.

COVINGTON AND MACON RAILROAD

Time table No. 6. To take effect at 7:30 o'clock a. m., Sunday, March 2, 1890. Trains run on central (90th Meridian) standard time.

A. G. CRAIG, Acting Superintendent.

NORTH BOUND:

No. 19. No. 51. STATIONS: No. 50. No. 52.

Local Past Daily ex Sun.

THIS PAPER CONTAINS
24 Pages.

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

SECOND PART.
Pages 13 to 24

VOL. XXI.

ATLANTA, GA., SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 16, 1890.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

DRY GOODS.

ONE of the lightest and brightest and pleasantest spots in the store is where the new White Goods are heaped. Pretty patterns, right qualities, and surprise prices.

A special word about Keely's Swiss: St. Gall makes them for the world. The machines are there and the skill to use them.

The manufacturers know how to put pretty thread-pictures on Swiss, but it's another thing for the generalist to march the goods along to you.

One of the leading St. Gall workers is sending his products to us. Stream too big for the outlet. Gorged. Prices squelched.

Hemstitching. Have you any notion how this delicate style of prettifying has crept into Embroideries? Sometimes two or more; now above the work, now through the stuff, cutting it into stripes by airy streaks uniquely gridironed with threads.

Newest Hamburg Embroideries a third under price. We could tell you of many lots. Here are two sorts in the widths and work you are wanting with prices weak and wobbling.

Nainsook Edgings, 3 inches wide, very fine, 12c to 30c a yard.

Nainsook Inserting, 2 inches wide, new patterns, 12c to 30c a yard.

They are full lengths. But the prices would be extremely low for bits and dribs.

Lace looms have done their best. Woman's world is engaged catching the echoes that come floating along, winging their way on the breath of fashion. The wave of style carries on its crest the elements of all that is fascinating and fine.

We can only print a few leading features of this season's stock. To give a worthy illustration of the department would require several pages. Imperial in scope, immense in variety, universal in adaptation, incomparable in beauty, it is indeed the leading Lace store of Atlanta—of the South.

Valenciennes, real and imitation, light and filmy, 3c to \$3 a yard.

Smyrna, similar to Torchon, but much finer in design and mesh, 20c to 80c.

Fedora, all wanted widths, a very fine silk mesh, with cotton figures, 25c to 75c.

Oriental, white, cream, or beige; figures formed on Brussels net, 10c to 40c.

Chantilly, (black) delicate patterns on light weight net, 20c to \$1 a yard.

Our assortment of Van Dyke Points are charming and in exclusiveness far and away beyond anything we know of. Late comers have swelled the stock with the choicest of just-out styles. You miss it if you pass them. The same is true of Flouncings.

A touch of beauty and color at the Fan counter. The ostrich wouldn't own his feathers in their present daintiness as they mingle with the gauzes, laces and silks. No! You don't want Fans now, fashion rests in Lent, but no harm to admire them.

Not a hint of the Spreads in the paper, and yet there was almost no let up yesterday in the crowd of buyers. A full size, heavy weight, fast back, new pattern Marseilles Spread that we haven't thought of asking more than \$2.50 for. Exactly the same sort are held up outside as being worth \$3.75.

KEELY COMPANY.

DRY GOODS.

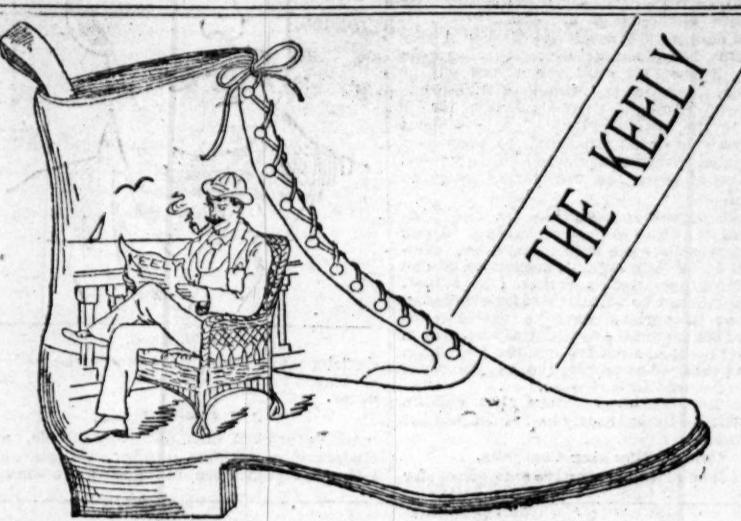
Keely Company

Leaders of Low Prices

Vol. 1.

March 16th, 1890.

No. 37.



TIME was that low-priced Shoes were a satire upon manhood and womanhood. Any antique person who is disposed to dispute the question of progress should call in our Shoe Store and ask to see the Keely \$2 Leader, for either sex.

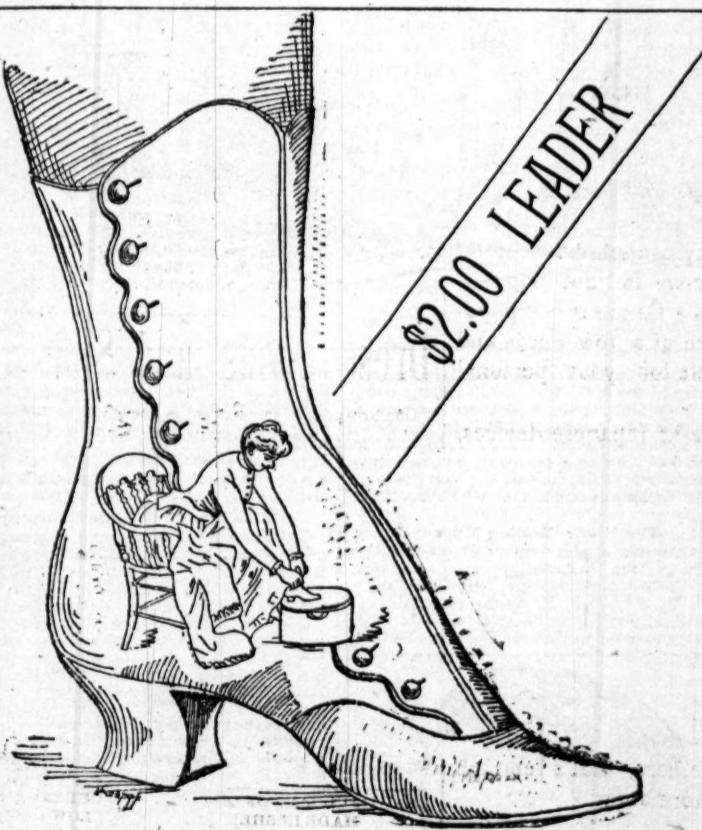
Apply any test available, find if you can, a single thing wrong.

Built by brains.

Just to destroy the impression that they were designed for any particular class or season, we ask you to believe that gay youth, grave age, the professional dignitary, the dapper man of affairs, the sweating toiler, snow and sunshine, were all equally in mind when the Leader was born.

To meet popular want we strove to offer the best Men and Women Shoes that Two Dollars could possibly command. We were unwilling to advertise them until ample proof of perfect success had been assured. Their introduction, years ago, was auspicious with encouragement, and since then, as our arrangements have ripened, you have found pleasure and profit unceasingly yours each time you purchased. It's true.

BEST SHOES ON EARTH!



ZIEGLER BRO'S Shoes. Sensible, thoughtful folks see that the largest resources bring best results. The place to procure perennial bargains is where the power of gathering is greatest.

Smallest prices and monumental variety must necessarily be most pronounced where the aggregation of business is biggest. And so it comes about that in Ziegler Bros.' distinguished products, and many other things for personal and domestic uses, the favored spot is here, the "corner" where the most enormous trade is done.

Rivals frankly admit our advantages are superior, yet you may find a Shoe charlatan flaunting a few bold goods in blatant advertising, vainly supposing that an intelligent people will create and foster a business founded on vacuity. The peculiar and eminently energetic brightness of much wit is wasted when good friends seek to wrest Ziegler's clientele from Keely Company.

The Spring and Summer stock is here. Decidedly respectable in all the qualities of advanced ideas. Nothing dull, sleepy or slow. Shelves are not simply fairly full but actually groaning 'neath the ponderous weight of the most astounding collection of Bargain Shoes that Georgia ever contained. It's true.

Keely Company

DRY GOODS.

Do you think the advertiser has gone daft over Ginghams? The great glory of the store is Ginghams. Ginghams are regnant. The whirligig of ingenuity has transformed them. The mention no longer suggests a country lass or a charity-box. Let your eye survey the muchness of the new Ginghams, and your fancy roams over the Roman Compagna, the vale of Cashmere, a Tennis Court alive with swell players. Try to describe them and you want the dictionary compounded with the rainbow. The thought is now of beautiful morning dress gracing the breakfast-table, of lovely wrapper brightening the boudoir.

Mark this. The Ginghams counters have styles by the hundreds, and in the vast quantity there are no two pieces alike. The duplicates are up stairs—room only for sample bolts. Fastidiousness o'erleaps itself when our Ginghams fail to yield the right selections.

New Sateens are here. Last week our advertising effervesced over Sateens. The enthusiasm is greater now. Past achievement fades in comparison with present success. The richness of the new styles predicts even increased popularity for the Crown Sateens at 12½c.

The patterns have an abandon, a freedom most unconventional, often intricate and involved—wild flowers and leaves wonderfully natural, odd colors and flashy effects.

Whatever your particular bent in dress may be, classic Greek or gay Oriental, dashing French or staid German, sturdy English or prosaic Yankee, the Sateens will give tint and figure for your purpose.

The highest qualities are here also joustrous and shimmering beneath rare and elaborate printing.

The fine French Blacks, with small white figures are extra attractive. No, Sateens have not been exiled.

Everybody is getting to know those graceful triplet sisters, China, Shanghai and Pongee Silks. The airiest, daintiest and prettiest of all the novelties.

Their beauty cannot be told by types. Criticism is not popular. Advertising is a failure if not popular. A scratch of a few words and the rest is left for your personal visit.

All the quaint Japanese devices, the most hideously handsome things, the most absurdly attractive things, the most whimsically wonderful things are printed on soft, crisp surfaces in curious colors with realistic precision. Waved, birded, flowered, striped, scrawled, blocked.

A chorus of Surahs and brilliant Brocades claims recognition—they join in the demand for notice. You know they are here, that's enough for today. More anon.

Two weeks ago we told you of special Faille Francaise Silks in all the leading shades, at 98 cents. It was touch and go with the entire batch.

Today the pleasure is ours to chronicle the reception Saturday of full eighty pieces. Color line perfect.

We refrain from "loud" statements, simply saying that these goods are the identical grade others offer for \$1.00. From the crowd of colors on our counters choose your champion at 73 cents a yard.

They are bargains prodigal beyond the power of competition.

Tomorrow is St. Patrick's Day. The heathen myth Jupiter Pluvius and the Christian Saint Patrick are generally strangely in alliance.

It usually rains. But these attractions in Failles will not fail to attract—storm or shine.

KEELY COMPANY.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, BABY CARRIAGES, ETC.

Rhodes & Haverty Furniture Co.

Heywood Baby Carriages.

LARGEST STOCK,

BEST GOODS.

LOWEST PRICES.

500 BABY CARRIAGES

In Plush, Satin, Damask, Raw Silk, Cretone, etc.

Our Special Prices

This week will be

40 No. 249 Baby Carriage, parasol top, bicycle wheels, \$6 each.

50 No. 250 Baby Carriages, nicely upholstered, lace edge parasol, \$7.50 each.

This cut shows our famous \$10 silk plush carriage, satin parasol with lace edge bicycle, wheels a bargain.

This is a fair cut of the "Heyward Corker," fine quality silk plush, extra grade satin, lace edge parasol, wire wheels, price \$14.

Special grades and styles at \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35 and \$40 each. Recollect we have over 500 carriages in stock of the celebrated Heyward make. Each carriage guaranteed by us. Don't buy cheap makes when you can buy our goods for same money. Ride the babies in the Heyward Carriage. They are the best.

Rhodes & Haverty Furniture Co.,
89 and 91 Whitehall Street.

DRY GOODS.

GRAMLING & NISBET
Spring Opening!

We come again to the front with one of the best stocks of Spring Goods we have ever opened, and invite you to give us a look before you buy. Our Mr. Gramling spent several weeks in the eastern markets, selecting our goods; and with our knowledge of what the trade wants, and the ready cash to buy it with, we claim to be in the front rank, and our low-price system which we have adopted in every department makes it impossible for any one to cut under our prices.

Dress Goods and Silks

TO HOUSE-KEEPERS

Our Dress Goods Department is one of our pets, and we have given it a great deal of attention, and the result is we have one of the best selected stock of Dress Goods and Silks to be found in the city. We will open up after Monday's sale, 53 Place Vendome, large size, at 50c, worth 12½c. 71 " 6-4 Calcutta Bengal at 65c, worth 20c. 82 " Hamerton Seccial Cloth at 10c, worth 20c. 94 " Wool-filled Cashmere at 10c. 68 " 38 inch Henrietta, every color, at 25c. 27 " 40 inch, all wool, Henrietta at 50c, worth 75c. 23 " 40 inch, all wool, Henrietta at 50c, worth 75c. 31 " 46 inch Henrietta at 75c, worth \$1.

Our regular line of Dress Goods will be found to embrace all the latest styles and novelties in Silk and Wool, and our low-price system makes this department one of the best in the city.

BEAUTIFUL LINE OF QUILTS, SCRIM CURTAIN, NETS, PILLOW SHAMS, AND EVERYTHING MADE IN SHEETINGS AND PILLOW CASING. ALL AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Our stock of GINGHAM cannot be beat in the city for style and beauty. NO TRASH. WE DON'T CARE IT, but good and desirable shades such as any lady would want to buy for school dresses, house dresses, and dresses for the home, and any color you want can find here. Then we go to SATIN where we can show you the lovely patterns your eyes ever behold. All the delicate shades beautifully blended together making one lovely mass of cotton dress fabrics within the reach of every one and our LOW PRICE SYSTEM which we have inaugurated in every department is moving them right along and every one is delighted with our goods and prices.

OUR HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

is full and complete and we can give you some rare bargains in this department. Our low prices makes this a favorite with all.

100 dozen children's fast black Hose, 10c. 120 dozen misses' full regular Hose, fast black, 15c. 175 dozen misses' full regular Hose, fast black, 25c. 200 dozen seamless half Hose, 10c. 180 dozen regular half Hose, 12½c. 160 dozen full regular half Hose, 15c. 75 dozen gents' half Hose for 25c worth 50c. In better goods we lead them all, and the low prices we have marked them makes every one wonder how it is we can sell them the way we do.

WE HAVE PLACED ON OUR BARGAIN TABLE SOME RARE BARGAINS IN TOWELS.

50 Dozen Linen, large size, Towels at 10c. 36 " Beautiful Stripe Towels at 12½c. 50 " German Damask, bleached, all linen, at 50c. 56 " Woolen Damask, green oil colors, at 25c, 30c, 35c, 50c, 65c and 75c. They are very cheap. Daylilies and Napkins to match, from 25c to \$4 a dozen.

These are the best value to be had in the city; they are worth 50 per cent more money.

BEAUTIFUL LINE OF QUILTS, SCRIM CURTAIN, NETS, PILLOW SHAMS, AND EVERYTHING MADE IN SHEETINGS AND PILLOW CASING. ALL AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Our stock of GINGHAM cannot be beat in the city for style and beauty. NO TRASH. WE DON'T CARE IT, but good and desirable shades such as any lady would want to buy for school dresses, house dresses, and dresses for the home, and any color you want can find here. Then we go to SATIN where we can show you the lovely patterns your eyes ever behold. All the delicate shades beautifully blended together making one lovely mass of cotton dress fabrics within the reach of every one and our LOW PRICE SYSTEM which we have inaugurated in every department is moving them right along and every one is delighted with our goods and prices.

We have an elegant line of better goods and our prices are so low on them you would not miss what you pay for them. Ask to see them before you buy elsewhere.

WHITE GOODS AND LACES

Our White Goods Department is full of beauties and you should not fail to see them. You can find anything you want with a full line of Laces and Embroideries to match.

SEE OUR CASHMERE OMBRAS.

OUR GENTS' FURNISHING DEPARTMENT is one of the best in the city and our prices are always right. Give us a trial in this and we will save you money.

GRAMLING & NISBET,

37 PEACHTREE STREET.

ROME!

The Beautiful City
of the Hills.

Center of the Great
Mineral Belt.

Decided Commercial and Agri-
cultural Advantages.

One of the Strongest Points in the
Industrial South.

Possessing All the Combined Ad-
vantages of Railroad and River.

The Wonderful Future of a City of
Striking Resources.

A Glowing Arrangement of Telling
Advantages.

"All roads lead to Rome."

This is as true of the modern center of the
Industrial south as it ever was of the ancient
metropolis of Europe.

Rome has more resources than there are
hills in north Georgia.

A net-work of wagon roads that have al-
ways made her incomparably accessible.

She has outlets in seven different directions
by rail, with the prospect of one or two more
at an early day.

Sitting in the midst of seven commanding
hills, washed by the waters of seven fast-flow-
ing rivers, she is the luckiest city in all the
universe.

Rome is a city of more beautiful landscapes,
enjoys the pre-eminence of having more
poetic views, and possesses more varied attractions
than almost any other place in nature's
domain.

She is the home of as many manly men and
beautiful and womanly women as ever dignified
and charmed the world of society, or lent
purity and contentment to the blessed altars of
the home circle.

She enjoys the distinction of being the

government engineer over the Coosa river, a
better stream for navigation than the Ohio,
Tennessee, or Cumberland, being deeper and
having more water on its shoals in summer time.
Steamers can bring five hundred bales
of cotton up the Coosa river during the low
water season.

The Hon. Samuel Noble said, that "Rome
had the natural advantages and the means to
become the commercial centre of all the country
after the war, if her business men had man-
ifested proper enterprise." In verification of
his estimate, the furnaces that he built at An-
iston have a contract for five hundred tons of
ore a day from the territory of Rome.

Her taxable values amount to five million
dollars, showing a degree of material pros-
perity at once gratifying to her people and dis-
tinguished to the entire nation.

The low tax rate of one percent makes this
one of the most desirable cities for investors
and home-seekers in all the south.

The fact that the last twenty years in her
history show an average annual increase of
thirty per cent in real estate values, is an
item of such astounding solidity that thoughtful
property-owners throughout the limits of
the country are induced to invest their money in
Rome, as one of those impressive certainties
that rise high above mere talk.

One of the most pleasant surprises in all the
distinctive prominence of Rome is her splen-
did roads. These will compare with those of
any city in the land.

Her magnificent private residences, beauti-
ful gardens and artistic grounds, are attrac-
tive and home-seekers in all the south.

Printers is a workman of decided human tact
and ability, president of the Rome and Do-
catur railroad, a member of the board of
councilmen and has contributed in various
ways to the growth of his city, having been
very active in securing electric lights for
Rome. He is a young man, and possesses in-
domitable energy.

Mr. Graves is the able head of the Tribune
of Rome, the leading paper of his section, es-

pecially the immortal dead, still lives, and with pen,
tongue and heart, he has taken
up the work where the dead
sculptor left it, and by the mercies of
God he may yet carve out a breathing
statute of many liberty and patriotic love.

Mr. Graves is the able head of the Tribune
of Rome, the leading paper of his section, es-

a capacity of 100,000 a day. They employ 123
men, with a payroll of \$3,000 per month.
Messrs. J. L. Camp, president; J. A. Roun-
ville, vice president; R. B. Morrison, superin-
tendent, and H. H. McClure, secretary and
treasurer, are all representative business men.

Patton Manufacturing Company.

This is one of the most extensive planing
mills in north Georgia. They run
sixty-six machines, new and the
latest improved, employ a force of
fifty to seventy-five men and
do an annual business of \$100,000. The ca-
pacity of their mills is 100 doors and 200 wind-
ows daily. They run on full time, and are
doing a business that an old firm might envy.

The goods they manufacture are doors, sash,
blinds, windows, brackets, flooring and new-
els, besides handling builders hardware.

They are the only firm in north Georgia
handling glass in car lots. Paints and oils are
also sold by them and they have added
the building and loan feature to their business,
a plan that causes them to build houses or
farm material on installment. This venture
will not only greatly increase their already
large trade but serve as a valuable
assistance to those who are not
able to advance the money on their
homes.

Messrs. W. A. Patton and C. W. Under-
wood, who comprise the firm, are young gen-
tlemen of the finest capacity, besides being in-

and while they have been in business for less
than a year, have built up a trade that would
do credit to an old established house.

They are wholesale and retail dealers in
faucets, china, glassware, stoves, tinware and
family goods.

Beside having two floors, 30x50, well filled
with an attractive stock, they have a capacious

warehouse for storage purposes.

They keep two men on the road, and do an ex-
tensive business in north Georgia, and in
Alabama, selling low down as West Point.

Handling nothing but the most superior
goods, and exercising rigid promptness and ex-
cellent judgment in conducting their business,
they are destined to great success.

Messrs. West & Griffin, wholesale and retail
dealers in hardware, occupy two floors, 20x50,
well filled with all kinds of hardware and im-
proved agricultural implements, and do a
business of \$75,000. It is a live firm, com-
posed of progressive spirits, and their suc-
cess evidences it.

Messrs. Johnson & Son are two of the most
thrifty young merchants of Rome, and their
room, well stocked with fancy goods, con-
fectionaries, and fruits, is one of the most
attractive places in the city. This firm sells \$50,
000 to 60,000 bunches of bananas a season to the
trade.

Mr. R. J. Ragan is one of the pushing men
of Rome, in the wholesale grocery busi-
ness, handling meat, flour, grain, hay, bran,
oats and produce. His room is 20x50. He has
been in business six years, during which time
he has shown his unusual capacity by building
up a trade of \$20,000.

The Rome Hardware company is a large
corporation, being composed of some of the
most progressive men in the city. The company
was established in 1856, with Mr. B. T.
Haynes president, Mr. John B. Hill sec-
retary and treasurer. They have a large cap-
ital, keep a comprehensive line of goods con-
sisting of general hardware, iron, steel, nail,
powder, wagon material, etc. Their stores
embrace four large floors and a cellar, measur-
ing 60x90 each, and these are largely packed
with goods. They travel two men and sell an
extensive trade in north Georgia and Alabama,
doing an annual business of \$50,000.

Mr. G. E. Powers, president of the company, pos-
sesses large experience besides unusual busi-
ness acumen and by conservative manage-
ment, prompt and reliable dealing and pro-
verbial courtesy, has built up a gratifying trade
that will stay with him, because it trusts him.

Mr. John B. Hill, secretary and treasurer, is a well
qualified young man, and seems to be
giving the best satisfaction to his company.

Messrs. Sampson, Glover & High are large
wholesale grocers and cotton factors, doing a
business of \$400,000. They keep two men on the
road, and besides having a large storage
room, have two floors 40x132 always
filled with flour, meat, grain, bran, etc. They
are among the best citizens of the place, and
Mr. Glover, the firm, is president of the
Merchants' National bank.

Messrs. H. B. Park & Co. do an immense
wholesale and dry goods business, selling on
an average of \$400,000 a year. Their stock
consists of staple and fancy goods, notions,
millinery, boots, shoes, etc. They do the
largest millinery business in the city, being
leaders in this line. Their large store of two
floors 40x130 is filled with various goods,
and, with a competent and polite crew of
salesmen, they are prepared to serve the trade
promptly and well. They have the only cash
elevated railway in the city, and keep well up
with the improvements of the age. Mr. Henry
Harvey, the credit man of the firm, and Mr.
S. J. Powers, manager of the sales department,
are gentlemen of fine ability and pleasant
address. Mr. Park is an expert buyer and
thorough business man.

Messrs. Emmons, McKee & Co. have one of
the largest, best arranged and most attractive
stores that I ever saw. They cover two floors,
40x130, with an elegant assortment of clothing
and furnishing goods, and the man who
cannot be pleased in this attractive and expensive
stock belongs to that class of trade who never
want customers. Messrs. Ewing & Hale are
young, thoroughgoing progressive business
men, and understand popular wants as well as
men of large experience and elegant taste can
ever know them.

Messrs. R. G. Clark & Co. are the largest
wholesale dry goods merchants in north Georgia,
and their trade, which amounts annually to
at least \$80,000, is a bona fide business.

Their stock of goods, consisting of dry goods, boots,
shoes and hats, covers three floors of immense ca-
pacity, two measuring 40x132 and one 55x132.

They keep four men on the road regularly,

and cover all the territory through north Georgia
and Alabama that is tributary to Rome.

Captain R. G. Clark, of the firm, is a shrewd
business man, and has been in business for
several years. Mr. Clark is president of the
Merchants' National bank, besides being connected with other leading

enterprises, that stamp him as being a most
progressive citizens. Mr. A. W. Tedsticke, of
the firm, is known as one of the most thought-
ful and enterprising business spirits of Rome,
while Mr. Frank Harbour is their efficient and
reliable bookkeeper.

Messrs. Hale, Ewing & Co., though young

in years, are doing one of the leading hardware
trades of its section. They began business two
years ago, and are now well established, and
through active and well directed industry,
are selling at wholesale and retail all through
north Georgia and Alabama. They have two
floors, 27x120, well stocked with hardware,
guns and cutlery, besides builders' hardware
and carpenters' tools. They are also agents for
the Milburn wagon, Standard Wagon company,
etc.

The bill-of-fare is elegantly served, in a magnificient dining hall, tastefully arranged
with growing tropical flowers. Besides these
attractions, a splendid orchestra is engaged to furnish music at noon times and evenings, and every expense incurred that can possibly add to the comfort of its guests. Mr. E. A. Cooper, the thoughtful and gentlemanly proprietor, is one of the most popular hotel men in the south. He is ably assisted by Mr. E. M. Butt, who, as chief clerk, numbers his friends all over the
union, and Mr. W. B. Driscoll, the attentive
night clerk.

Howell Cotton Company.

This company does a most expansive busi-
ness, having branch offices at Memphis, Pine
Bluff, Little Rock and Anniston. They handle
from 150,000 to 200,000 bales of cotton an-
nually, being among the largest cotton fac-
tors in the south. This large trade is
the natural result of business pro-
gressiveness, excellent judgment and pro-
verbial courtesy.

Mr. T. F. Howell, president of the company,
while naturally reserved, is one of the most
valuable factors in doing business, the
capacity in which he is second to none. He is
an able and skillful manager, and has
done much to make cities desirable for
home-seekers. He is thoroughly indispens-
able.

The company also has valuable officials in
Mr. G. C. Stillwell, secretary and treasurer
and Mr. J. P. Conner, general agent.

Some Leading Mercantile Houses.

Messrs. Harper and Pepper are young men,

and while they have been in business for less
than a year, have built up a trade that would
do credit to an old established house.

They are wholesale and retail dealers in
crockery, chinaware, stoves, tinware and
family goods.

Beside having two floors, 30x50, well filled
with an attractive stock, they have a capacious

warehouse for storage purposes.

They keep two men on the road, and do an ex-
tensive business in north Georgia, and in
Alabama, selling low down as West Point.

Handling nothing but the most superior
goods, and exercising rigid promptness and ex-
cellent judgment in conducting their business,
they are destined to great success.

Messrs. West & Griffin, wholesale and retail
dealers in hardware, occupy two floors, 20x50,
well filled with all kinds of hardware and im-
proved agricultural implements, and do a
business of \$75,000. It is a live firm, com-
posed of progressive spirits, and their suc-
cess evidences it.

The whole subject is considered, and evi-
dently for the best.

I believe it favorably for the effect of the
McCommas anti-slavery bill reported favorably
by the committee on the communi-
cations, and referred to the committee on the
commerce, and the bill is reported favorably
by that committee.

The McCommas bill is reported favorably
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THE MCCOMAS BILL

WILL BE FAVORABLY REPORTED BY THE COMMITTEE NEXT WEEK.

SOME REPUBLICANS WILL OPPOSE IT, AND INSIST THAT THE STATES SHOULD BE LEFT FREE TO APPORTION THEIR OWN CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—[Special.]—The McComas anti-gerrymandering bill, to nullify the effect of the Ohio redistricting act, will be reported favorably to the house next Wednesday from the committee on elections of present and representatives, to which it was referred. Heretofore the demonstrations have been somewhat in the nature of a bluff, but as the Ohio democrats have checkmated every move on the political chess-board, and have at last made a division which will divide the Ohio representation in the electoral college, the republicans have finally decided to discharge their heavy gun, no matter how it may recoil. Mr. Rowell, of Illinois, who is a member of the committee, who is also chairman of the elections committee, said tonight:

"The McComas bill is the result of frequent consultations between Messrs. Lodge, McComas and myself."

The whole subject involved was carefully considered, and every possible contingency provided for. I believe the committee will report it favorably for all the republican members favor it. The committee will, however, do so if they find any decided opposition to it on the republican side of the house. I am willing that the charge can be brought that the bill is framed to nullify the Ohio gerrymander, but gerrymandering anywhere is against the spirit of the law, and justifies the extreme measures we shall adopt to stop it. I do not think the Ohio democrats will dare touch the Buchanan bill, bidding for the election of presidential electors by congressional districts."

REPUBLICANS WHO OPPOSE IT.

Mr. Batterworth, of Ohio, is, however, one republican who is willing to speak out in meeting against the "McComas bill," he said:

"I am not in favor of any such bill," he said tonight, "unless the national government will first undertake to correct the abuses existing in other states. It is simply appealing from one partisan body to another. I do not believe a state legislature is going to do anything more violently partisan than you will find the house of representatives willing to do. I don't see why we should either fasten the blessings or the curses which may already exist upon a state so that they may never be altered. The national government must first undertake to redistrict the entire country on a fair basis before passing such a law as this."

Mr. Cooper, of Ohio, a representative, also opposes the bill.

"These things," he says, "must be left to the state legislatures."

A DEMOCRATIC OPINION.

Mr. Outhwaite, one of the few democratic congressmen from Ohio, said:

"It is a piece of villainous party purity which would come better if proposed after the abuses now existing in New York, Pennsylvania and other states were first corrected. If they would restore the proper basis of party representation in those states, which has been destroyed by their outrageous party gerrymanders, I would be glad to see some such general measure become a law. Look at the case of Ohio as it now stands, for instance. There 400,000 democratic votes are represented by five congressmen, while the 417,000 republican votes have sixteen congressmen to represent them. While I do not believe that the framers of the constitution had such a thought in their minds, yet I am inclined to think that the language of the constitution might permit congress to legislate on this subject. But congress has no power to designate how the electors shall be selected. That is entirely a matter for the states themselves to decide. They can be appointed by the governor, as was done in Nebraska in 1876, or they can be selected by the legislature, or they can be elected in the congressional district, as the Buchanan bill, now before the Ohio state senate, provides.

THE NATIONAL ELECTION BILL.

Henry Cabot Lodge introduced his much-talked of national election law bill in the house today. It is a bill which has spent months of time in preparing, and which is considered by the republican leaders as a complete and thorough measure. Indeed, all the leaders have had a hand in drafting the measure, and it meets with their approval. It is a bill which they intend to pass. The bill is a combination of the Australian system and federal control of elections. It is an extreme partisan measure shrewdly drawn, which, on its face, applies to the entire country, but which, in fact, can and will only be applied to the south. Here is the way it's done: The Australian system is applied to all congressional and presidential elections. Each polling place is put in charge of six judges or supervisors, three from each political party. Voters who can not read and write may have their tickets marked for them by one of the supervisors in the presence of another, representing the opposite party.

WHERE THE STING COMES IN.

This much of it is in control of the states, but the bill provides that upon the petition of 500 voters in any district, the federal government will take absolute control of the polls by appointing the managers and supervisors of elections, besides placing all the deputy marshals around the polls that shall be deemed necessary. And right here is where its partisanship comes in. Right here is where it is in fact only intended for the south. The clause providing for federal officers of elections upon the petition of 500 voters is designed to make that feature of the bill operative only in the south. In the northwest if one party got up such a petition which would show a want of confidence, or a suspicion that the state officers were dishonest, it would be justly repudiated by the people at the polls. In the south, however, it is easy to get up a petition signed by five hundred negroes. Thus the effect will be that in the north the elections will be held by state officers, while in the south elections will be held by federal officers appointed by the republican administration. Again, this bill does not provide for the Australian system, as that system really is. The Australian system provides for the isolation of the voter from influence and preserves the secrecy of the ballot. This bill provides that managers can mark the ballots which destroys the secrecy of the ballot. Because the Australian system is popular in some portions of the country this bill pretends to enforce it, while in fact and truth, the Australian system can't be adopted for a constituency not sufficiently intelligent to read and write. The clause which permits managers of elections to mark the ballots of ignorant and illiterate voters not only takes away the benefits of the Australian system, but deprives the voter of that secrecy as to how he voted which is had under the existing law. The whole bill is, however, very shrewdly drawn. The republicans are enthusiastically in favor of its passage, and its chances of going through the house in practically its present shape are good. In the senate, however, is where the democrats expect to defeat it. They will talk it to death there if that be possible. A distinguished southern senator said tonight he had material for a speech on hand which would consume thirty days in delivery, and that others had equally voluminous material. "You can put it down" said he, "that

that bill will never get through the senate this session."

JUDGE CRISP TALKS.

In speaking of the political situation to night, Judge Crisp said:

"The republicans, from the president down, seem to have lost sight of any other question save the one so unnecessarily—and I think criminally raised by them—in respect to the political condition of the negro in the south. I have never seen such bitter political prejudice as exists here now on the part of the average republican politician against the south. They seem willing to subordinate all other matters, except perhaps, their decision to obtain large appropriations for questionable objects, to their purpose to so interfere and meddle with affairs in the south as to stir up strife between the races and thus bring about discord and disorder. Look at southern appointments. The administration seems to prefer to appoint incompetent colored men to important offices rather than select competent white republicans to such places. What good end can be subserved by such a policy as that? The majority in congress judges of the election of numbers from passion and prejudice and party feeling, rather than from the sworn evidence. They want what the people did not give them—a good working majority—and having obtained that, they avow an intention to pass laws that will place all the machinery of elections in the states under the control of the republican administration.

"They have had such fellow once, and they want it again—a law ostensibly passed to secure a free and fair election. Yet it is nothing more than a law to cheat and defraud the people and perpetuate themselves in power. The country is democratic. The party in power know it. They feed that under any law which permits the free expression of the popular will they will be repudiated, and in their desperation and desire to retain power they seek to pass a law that will enable their returning boards to count them in, even though a majority of the votes cast may be against them."

"Do you think there will be any tariff reduction?"

"Not much. There is hardly enough money in the world to redeem the promises the republicans have made to the ex-soldiers of the country. Even a practical redemption of their promises would bankrupt us—and then their promises to the protected manufacturers must be observed. They will stand no fooling. It is not a question of sentiment with them. They mean business. When they gave their thousands, and perhaps millions, of dollars to help the republicans into power, the agreement, express or implied, was that nothing should be done to reduce their profits. The protected manufacturer who forms the combines and trusts to get extravagant prices for their goods paid the money which enabled the republican party to get in power, and the republican party when in power must make or keep the law so that these protected manufacturers and combines and trusts can make the farmers and other consumers pay them back in increased price of goods the money they gave the republicans with compound interest. Honor requires this—you know there is honor among thieves—and besides, as long as this arrangement can be carried out it costs nobody anything except the poor farmer and consumer. They pay back all the republican campaign fund and more. Practically, it is such an arrangement between protected manufacturers, the combines and the trusts on the one side, and the republican party on the other, as amounts itself to a combination or trust to raise prices and unjustly decrease the cost of living to every farmer and consumer in the country. Before we can hope for relief, we must destroy this combination by driving the republicans from power, so that the electors shall be selected. That is entirely a matter for the states themselves to decide. They can be appointed by the governor, as was done in Nebraska in 1876, or they can be selected by the legislature, or they can be elected in the congressional district, as the Buchanan bill, now before the Ohio state senate, provides.

MR. GRIMES'S WORK.

Mr. Grimes is making a great effort to have the appointment of the negro, John H. Clapperton, at Houghtaling, withdrawn. He saw Mr. Wanamaker this morning, and the committee will be held up, at his request, for a week. Mr. Grimes expects to be able to show that there are a number of white republicans in the town and county who would prove acceptable to the people, while the negro is decidedly unacceptable. Mr. Wanamaker treated him with courtesy, and he is very hopeful of a change being made.

THE NINTH DISTRICT.

Mr. Candler receives a large number of letters from his district about the race for congress. He says Colonel James R. Brown seems to be coming to the front with a good following. The race, he thinks, will be between Judge Brown, of Cherokee, Smith, of Gwinnett, and Tate, of Pickens. Mr. Candler is of the opinion that the strength of the men is quite evenly divided.

The following Georgia postmasters were appointed today: C. D. Mays, at Camak, Warren county; B. R. Binns, at Philosphate, Oglethorpe county; Levi Strend, at Yatesville, Upson county. E. W. B.

FULTON'S RESIGNATION.

Was tendered because Secretary Tracy desired it.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—The president today appointed Commodore George Dewey to acting chief of the bureau of provisions and clothing until a permanent appointment to that office can be made. This action was necessitated by the resignation of Paymaster-General Fulton as chief of the bureau, which was presented yesterday and accepted this morning. Commodore Dewey is at present chief of the bureau of equipment and repair. He will perform the duties of both officers until the existing vacancy is filled.

Secretary Tracy, accompanied by Mrs. Wilderding and Miss Wilnerding, and Lieutenant and Mrs. Mason, left Washington this morning on the "Despatch" for a visit to Norfolk navy yard. The vessel will return to Washington early evening. The secretary will investigate the cause of delay in the completion of the cruiser Baltimore, and the gunboat Petrel, now receiving their finishing touches at Norfolk yard.

An afternoon paper says that the resignation of Paymaster General Fulton was due to Secretary Tracy's dissatisfaction with his administrative work.

At this point Mr. Bolden, of New York,

offered a resolution to the effect that it is inexpedient to adopt a bill on the subject of the world's fair until the city of Chicago has furnished site and ten million dollars or sufficient security.

THE MATTER OF SECURITY.

This resolution was debated at some length.

The friends of Chicago insisted that the nature of the security required should be specifically defined in the resolution, so that they could not be compelled, at a late stage, to furnish still other security.

Thereupon, the resolution was modified so as to read as follows:

"Be it resolved by the Senate, that said corporation, in an actual bond, file with the corporation, its capital stock of at least five million dollars of which not less than five hundred thousand dollars shall have been paid in, and that the further sum of five million dollars, making in all ten million dollars, will be provided by said corporation in ample time for its needful use during the prosecution of work for the complete preparation for said exposition."

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CHECKING THE LOTTERIES.

LOUISVILLE, March 15.—The Kentucky legislature today passed a measure placing a severe penalty upon any person refusing to answer the questions of the legislative investigating committee. Witnesses in the lottery investigation having refused to answer, the lottery can now be coerced into revealing what it has been doing. The senate repealed the charters of all lotteries in the state.

MRS. HARRISON IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., March 15.—Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Russell B. Harrison, Mrs. John Wanamaker, Miss Minnie Wanamaker, Mrs. Wilson, of Philadelphia; Miss Bertha Robinson, of New York, and S. J. Hammond, of Trenton, N. J., arrived yesterday evening on a short trip as guests of H. M. Flagler. They will attend the dedicatory services at the Memorial church tomorrow. Rev. J. A. Paxton, D.D., of New York, will preach the dedicatory sermon.

MR. MORTON AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., March 15.—A special

cial says: Vice-President Morton and party left Port Tampa for St. Augustine this evening. An elegant dinner was tendered them at the Inn, by H. R. Plant, and the rest of the day was spent in recreation. The young ladies of the party were very successful at fishing.

COME OFF THE EARTH.

THE PRESIDENT TO THE CHEROKEE STRIP BOOMERS.

HE ORDERS THEM TO SKEDADDLE.

IT WILL TAKE THREE THOUSAND SOLDIERS TO RUN THEM OFF THE STRIP—THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—The president today issued the following proclamation:

"Whom it may concern:—The lands known as the Cherokee strip is not open to settlement in the central valley, the gulf states, in Oregon, and central plateau regions, the deficiency in temperature in these sections ranging from two degrees to three degrees below the normal daily temperature for the week. The season from January 1 to March 15th has been unusually warm generally over that portion of the country, and the Mississippi, Missouri, Kansas, and Colorado, and the like, have been correspondingly warm. The average daily temperature over the greater portion of this region has been from five degrees to nine degrees higher than the mean for the same period as determined from observations of previous years, and the season is from ten to fifteen days in advance in the growth of crops. The weather in New England and the upper Ohio valley, while it is about one week in advance throughout the southern states and central valleys.

During the week there has been more rain than usual in the central valleys, the region of excessive rain extending from eastern Texas northward to eastern Iowa, and northward over Mississippi, East Tennessee, and states of the Ohio valley. The precipitation of this region exceeds two inches, while in eastern Texas, northern Louisiana and a portion of Arkansas, the rainfall exceeded by three inches. Less than the usual amount of rain occurs in all other sections of the country.

The region opens with the mountainous area of moisture, through the states of the central valley, lake regions and on the Pacific coast, while there has been very little rainfall from Virginia southward to Florida, where less than one-half of the usual amount of rain has fallen.

Frosty weather continues in the north, while the ground is frozen, and although the rainfall has been less than usual in this section, ample moisture is reported. The recent cold weather has proved injurious to wheat and fruit in Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Indiana, and farm work delayed by the late spring. The freezing weather in the early part of the month extended as far west as the Great Lakes, and in Georgia and North Carolina, with injurious effect upon all fruit and vegetables, and in many localities the fruit trees are reported as severely injured. Excessive rains in the lower Mississippi and Ohio valleys greatly delayed farm work, and injured the crops. Wheat is reported in good condition in Texas, but the planting of corn and cotton has been delayed by the cool weather and rain.

Little Annie Burns, eleven years old, and a grand-daughter of Patrick Canfield, Sr., was taken out dead.

John Ahearn extricated himself, and succeeded in getting out his wife and baby.

The body of Mrs. Noonan was taken out about 4 o'clock, and the body of her daughter, Mrs. Hogan, was found an hour later.

The wildest rumors were current as to the number of persons killed, but at 8 o'clock this morning, after interviewing the survivors and neighbors, it was ascertained that all who had been in the Canfield house at the time of the slide, had been accounted for. Three were dead, and the survivors included several persons, more or less injured.

The Lawrence house was occupied by John Lawrence and his three brothers and two children. This house was completely wrecked and nearly buried by the mass of clay and wreck of the Canfield house. None of the inmates of this house were killed, and only Thomas Lawrence, badly injured. He sustained a severe cut on the head from a brick that fell upon him and awoke him from sleeping back on the strip.

ANOTHER LEVEE BREAKS.

And the Delta of Louisiana is Overflooded—Alarming State of Affairs.

NEW ORLEANS, March 15.—A Picayune Talullah, La., special says: There is no doubt about the Raleigh levee breaking in front of Dr. Wylie's house, a quarter of a mile north of Fairview. A crevass was reported at 5 o'clock and in twenty-five minutes was fifteen feet wide and widening fast. The last report was, water was three feet deep at Fairview and the operator there could give no further information. He says he is alone there and afraid to go to bed for fear the water might come in. The settlers seemed to think the water was to drive the cattle off, and the operator could not say whether the Charleston had fired or not. The telegraph wire was gone at 8 o'clock and in three hours it had raised a quarter of a mile from the break. He says no attempt had been made to close the break.

In a few minutes after the break occurred Secretary Snyder had started for the break with the steamer Charleston, and barges, with sacks, and might come on and the operator could not say whether the Charleston had had time to get to the break. The telegraph wire is down at the break, and all indications are that it is bad.

A great many of our people are preparing to drive the stock out, while others say they are going to stay and fight it out. Nearly all the people in this section are hard at work making boats and levees, preparing for high water.

This break may possibly be closed, but it is not likely that the water will be large enough to inundate the entire bottom known as the delta of Louisiana.

A Playoung Wicksburg, Miss., special says: A telegram from President F. M. Maxwell, received at 10 o'clock tonight, which has been on the air since 11 o'clock, which occurred at 5 p.m. is now 400 feet wide. Maxwell also requested the residents of Louisiana and Mississippi be notified by telegraph and warn them of serious results. That portion of the railroad between Talullah and Tensas river will get the full force of the flood. The break is about twenty-five miles above on the Louisiana side and about the parish line.

Later telegrams state that the volume of water is going south from the break and is 400 feet wide with an average depth of eight feet.

ASKING FOR GOVERNMENT AID.

WASHINGTON, March 15.—Mr. Brinkley, of Arkansas, offered a resolution calling on the government for aid for information as to whether there are sufficient money and facilities at the command of the war department to guard the levees and other works and the plant of the government from destruction and injury by the present flood, and if not to report what may be necessary. Also to inform the house if there is reason to apprehend unusual damage to human life and what steamers can be used by the department or the Mississippi river commission to rescue those in peril. It is believed the steamship will consider no house boats or will take them up only to kill them. A bill restricting the state for legislative purposes was passed by the legislature with a rather forcible change, in fact, with but a change.

This is in Grand Forks county, which is changed to a more conservative section of the state.

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"OUR PETS."**THE ATLANTA RIFLES AND THEIR OFFICERS.**

A Military Company That Has Made a Brilliant Record in a Comparatively Short Life—Something About the Officers.

Atlanta's pet military company. The handsome, dashing Rifles, with their superb discipline and brilliant achievements. It would be out of place to introduce the Rifles—the "Atlanta Rifles," as the golden lettering on the company banner reads—in this chapter of THE CONSTITUTION's military record.

The company's past, from its birth four years ago, and its brilliant career from that time on is a familiar story.

About four years ago, the evening of August 18, 1886, some sixteen or twenty young men who had all along been prominent figures in local military, met in an office on Whitehall street to talk over the organization of a new military company.

A few days later a second meeting was held, and a permanent organization effected, with the election of A. C. Sned as captain.

The young gentlemen who were the charter members of the company, and those who have constituted its membership since then on down to the present, are of high social position—the flower of Atlanta youth. The rank and file, of course, he couldn't help being born that way. But it was the only criticism, and, if I may say so, it was more of a compliment than anything else.

Captain Spencer began his military career in a private in the old Governor's Guard. Later he was color sergeant in the company which have gained for the company the enviable record it now enjoys, the personality of the members has been one of the most pitiful.

Sergeant Captain Sned took command. Tom Col. Jackson was commissioned first lieutenant and Mr. Harvey Johnson second lieutenant.

Then Mr. W. J. Kendrick was appointed right guide and Mr. Frank S. Spencer, left guide, and the company was ready to begin its active life.

Two months after organization, the Rifles were in full uniform, including fatigue uniforms, and six months full dress, generally considered to be the handsomest in the south—were added. All this, requiring the outlay of a large amount of money, for everything was the finest to be had, was done from funds raised by the company without asking assistance from outside sources.

Governor Gordon's first inauguration was the occasion on which the Rifles made their first public appearance attending the inaugural ball at the Kimball in their elegant new uniform, and scoring a brilliant social success from the start.

When the big international drill at Washington was announced at Washington, the Rifles entered, but on receiving information that negro companies would be allowed to compete, withdrew.

In 1887, the Rifles entered their maiden competitive drill at Macon. There were entered eight of the crack companies of the south, and among them the Rifles took fourth place—a remarkably fine record for a company not yet a year organized.

One of the great events in the company's victory is the two weeks' encampment at Cumberland Island in May, 1887. While on the island the dashing young soldiers were lionized on all sides, fairly taking fashionable Cumberland by storm.

From its first appearance the company was a popular favorite.

So the men, when a fitting escort was wanted to attend Governor Gordon to Philadelphia, on the occasion of the dedication of the independence monument there, what other company should go but the Rifles?

In Philadelphia the soldierly Georgia boys received a ovation, and even yet the stories of that trip furnish the theme for many a pleasant chat around the army fire.

A second time the company left home for competitive contest, at Nashville, in the spring of '88. The encampment and contests there were the greatest ever held in the south, and the week after the contests from all over the country appeared on the field.

No finer drilling was ever done in this country, and in Atlanta the bulletin boards were eagerly crowded about by the hundreds of friends left behind by the Rifles. At last the announcement came. The Rifles carried off third prize in the company contest and first prize in the squad drill.

Last May the company entered the interstate drill at Macon, taking second prize and first in the square and first individual prize—three out of four offered.

The last drill, and it is well remembered by Atlanteans, was that of the Piedmont Exposition. Again the Rifles carried off second prize.

Not to mention the Rifles' fair in the spring of '88 would be to deprive the thousands who attended it of the pleasure of viewing it repeated.

Atlanta, however, had but one such fair, and will probably never have another, unless the Rifles should repeat it. It was a society event. While it was in progress Atlanta society thought of nothing else. Besides being a decidedly brilliant success socially, the fair netted the company a very handsome sum.

From captain to corporal it would be difficult to find a company with more competent staff of officers. They are all young men, clear headed and cool on the field, and with tactics at their finger ends, so to speak.

Captain Macon B. Spencer is every inch a soldier. He comes from a family of soldiers. He shows pluck enough, and is thorough, having risen from the ranks of his present commanding filling by all the intermediate offices from corporal to lieutenant.

At the head of his company, Captain Spencer, personally, makes as handsome an appearance as one could wish to see. He has that easy, graceful bearing of the born soldier, of genial face and erect, handsome figure.

Captain Spencer is a clever man.

The one conveys probably better than any other word, his whole-souled, friend-winning personality.

He is a military man who is in a great deal of tact and skill.

Not merely a tactical figure head. He is a happy combination of the military elements.

He is the "boss" and the "lowlife man," in the sense that that term means.

Now for the sergeants—or the guides, right and left.

Mack Hightower—and he is one of the best that the company ever had—steps one hundred and twenty to the minute at the right and left.

He is the Rife's first sergeant.

Sergeant Hightower is a graduate of Moreland Park Military Academy, and of course is

held was a first lieutenant in the Gate City Guard when that company was commanded by Captain Harry Jackson, in 1884. He resigned that commission about a year later, just previous to the Savannah encampment, in the company's part.

The Rifles were organized, and upon the resignation of Lieutenant Jackson, Captain Spencer was unanimously elected his successor. He continued first lieutenant of the Rifles until after the company returned from the Nashville drill, when he resigned, and was not actively connected with any company until August last. Then he was called to the command of the King Guards, which was previous to the Piedmont exposition drill.

Although Captain Spencer had not been in military life for some time, and had only taken command of the Rifles about a month previous to entering the drill, which was his maiden experience as captain, the splendid record the company made, is a brilliant evidence of the skill of the young master mechanic.

Reports of that drill, quite a good little show, told of the captain. He has one of the pleasantest faces imaginable, always wearing a happy smile. So inherent in his nature is this good nature, that unconsciously he forgot to smile when saluting the judges. It is reported the captain was criticised on his smiling.

Captain Nash is as near a perfect guide as nature and a thorough military training could make.

He is everything that an officer of his rank should be, and is versed in tactics, at an instant's notice ready to execute any possible maneuver or complication known in manual or field movements.

Joe Nash is the mascot of the company. He is left guide—second sergeant.

Sergeant Nash is as near a perfect guide as

were up in tactics. He joined the Rifles before the drill at Macon last year, and in that contest held second sergeant's rank.

Sergeant Hightower was promoted from left to right guide about two weeks ago, when Lieutenant Richardson was promoted, retaining the rank of right guide to accept that position.

He has had considerable military training and experience, and will no doubt fill his important rank to the glory of the company.

Sergeant Hightower was one of the squad which won first prize in the squad drill at Macon, and is looked upon as one of the best drilled men in the city among any of the companies.

As far as the Rifles are concerned, and all things considered, the company could hardly have made a better choice to fill it than he.

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hall St. A suitable reward will be paid finder

by T. S. Lewis, 58 E. Alabama st.

OST A "REGISTER BOOK," PARTY RE-

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OUND—A PONTEER DOG, WHICH WILL BE

return to master on proper proof of owner-

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Male.

Wanted—Agents.

For Rent—Houses, Cottages, Etc.

GENTS AND CANVASSERS WANTED to the "Step-father" combination chairing new; it sells at sight in every house forty to fifty dollars per month; make active canvassers for particular, Ad-
dress, Specialty Department, Lemen Manu-
facturing Company, South Bend, Ind.

TYPEWRITER FOR 50 CENTS AND TERMS to agents. The fastest seller in America, and good work in a high-priced machine. Look up general agents for the United States, Rockford, Ill.

ANTED—LIVE AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN in Georgia to take orders for our famous \$25 per month term. Write to Atlanta, Georgia, Bank Company, 59 Whitehall street, tele-
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ATLANTA, GA., MARCH 16, 1890.

About The Constitution.

If, out of the teeming columns of today's CONSTITUTION, the reading public in its territory cannot find enough to interest them for the day, it will be because there is no paper in this broad land of ours that would satisfy them.

THE CONSTITUTION usually trims its sails to smaller dimensions than that which it is forced to carry today by the rush of news, gossip and advertisements which crowd our columns. But there is no better barometer by which to measure the prosperity of the people than these columns. When times are good the pressure on them is correspondingly heavy, and heavy it is this morning—decidedly more so than this time last year, when four pages less sufficed to satisfy the demand made on our columns.

But it is not strange that the business of THE CONSTITUTION should be better now than it was a year ago. It is the result, in part, of the heavy crops of last year, by which money is made generally easier, and trade and exchange have prospered accordingly. What helps the people help THE CONSTITUTION, and the measure of the people's success is invariably indicated in these columns.

THE CONSTITUTION began this year with the determination to increase its weekly circulation to 200,000 and its daily circulation to 20,000 before the year was out. That is our measure, and it is gratifying to remark that we are cutting to it just about as accurately as we counted when we set the figures.

On the first day of January last THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTION had 125,000 subscribers. It now has 145,000—going each week into that many homes, and being read every week by about one million people. Our press-rooms, books and mailing lists are open to the public for inspection, and we will be glad to show anybody that would like to take a look through this department just what we are doing in it. THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTION fairly talks to the whole country about the south. It is doing a work of development for the south that nothing else can do. During the past two months it has received over 10,000 subscribers from the western states alone, and that ratio is steadily on the increase. Before this month is out we expect to show 15,000 new subscribers, since the first of January, from the western states.

About the DAILY CONSTITUTION, which, by the way, has the largest circulation of any daily newspaper between Baltimore and New Orleans, there is no reason why it should not double its list of subscribers, and double it will, if energy and a complete newspaper can do anything toward bringing about such a result. For the past year THE CONSTITUTION has printed every Sunday 20,000 papers, and 12,000 during the week days. There is no reason why every one who now reads the Sunday paper should not likewise read the daily, and why the Sunday CONSTITUTION should not increase its edition to 30,000.

During the past week it has been our pleasure to announce morning schedules over the Atlanta and West Point and the East Tennessee railroads, by which THE CONSTITUTION will be delivered along these roads in the morning, instead of in the afternoon, as it has been under the present schedules. We hope soon to announce a morning schedule to Birmingham, over the Georgia Pacific.

All that we ask is that the people be given an opportunity to read the paper at a reasonable hour during the day, and the rest will take care of itself. By the new morning schedule on the East Tennessee and West Point railroads, THE CONSTITUTION increases its daily circulation at least 2,000. Heretofore the paper has had nothing like a fair showing along these lines, not being delivered, even almost within sight of Atlanta, until late in the afternoon. By the new schedule it will take its place at the breakfast table, where it ought to be in every well regulated family that can get it at that happy hour.

THE CONSTITUTION's news service has never been equipped as it is now, and, as an evidence of the fact that the daily is growing, it has been forced from an eight into a ten-page paper since the first of January.

Advertising pressure on our news columns demanded relief, and the only relief that could be had was in increasing the size of the paper.

As a newspaper THE CONSTITUTION speaks for itself. It publishes the largest daily paper south of New York city, and is one of the very few papers in the country that has found it necessary to run daily a ten-page paper to meet the demands made on it.

So here goes for 20,000 daily subscribers!

Colored Men Protest.

The fact that the sub-committee of the house agricultural committee has reported favorably on the compound lard bill, which is a measure intended to tax out of the market a cheap and wholesome food product, and to cripple, if not destroy, the cotton seed oil industry, has attracted the attention of leading colored men of Georgia.

A telegram signed by Smith W. Easley, Jr., secretary of the colored state agricultural society, and other prominent colored men, was sent to the chairman of the house agri-

cultural committee yesterday. The telegram stated that the signers, in behalf of the colored farmers of the state of Georgia, desired to protest against the adoption by the full committee of the sub-committee's report, and to ask a hearing before the committee in opposition to the measure.

These colored men have not spoken a moment too soon, nor can they make their protest too strong. The colored farmers of Georgia and of the south are vitally interested in the measure, for if the cotton seed oil industry is crippled or destroyed, it is not too much to say that one-half of the cotton seed that finds its way to market in Georgia is the property of colored farmers.

The colored men ought to make a decided impression on the republicans in congress. The compound lard bill is a measure that is not only aimed at the cotton seed oil industry of the south, but at the producers of the cotton seed, both white and black. It is vicious all the way through.

The World is All Right.

A great many people are disposed to rail at the world; they do so on general principles—or rather on no principle at all; it is always "going to the bad" with them; crime is on the increase; the Sabbath is desecrated by the masses, who do not attend church, and the Sunday newspaper is abroad in the land. To a certain class of people there is no good to be found anywhere, and a pall of hopeless gloom rests on the fair face of creation, shadowing all the sun-rays and fringing the bluest skies with sombre black.

These people have dyspepsia, and they can't help it; they go groaning through life, and if it were possible they would groan in the grave. But, fortunately for the world, they are in a small minority; the good-natured people, those who see the best side of life, abound everywhere, and to them the world is a great and glorious affair; a world of song and sunlight, merry with laughter and beautiful with love, and they go singing all their days, and make others sing.

The world might be better in some respects; there might be less crime, less sin of all sort; but if it was the paradise the first named class would have it be it would be too good for many of us, and we would have to go off somewhere and do penance until we were worthy to live in it. The fact is, the world is all right and the pessimists all wrong.

All things considered, it is a better world today than it was yesterday, and it grows better and better with each succeeding year. It is not perfect, neither can it be, but it is nearer perfection now than it has ever been. There is more love in it, more faith, more hope, more charity, more cheerful homes with bright firesides and hearts that overflow with tenderness and love, more churches, more schools, more laborers working in the moral vineyard, with the talents of the Master drawing interest in sweet service that counts for this world and the next.

The Republican quotes a very sensible extract from an article by J. D. McCall, of the senior class of the university, and adds, "It is men of the stamp of Mr. McCall, students who can conduct such a journal as the Fisk Herald, that THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, without rebuke, allows its contributors to allude to as 'nigger bucks,' and wenchess."

This is an extremely far-fetched allusion, but we need not refer to our files to say that no contributor of THE CONSTITUTION ever alluded to "men of the stamp of Mr. McCall" as wenches. In the old days, when the term wench was in common use, it was applied to English laboring women and not to men.

We believe the Republican is trying to do our esteemed contributors an injustice.

One of the Many.

A letter from an esteemed correspondent at Livingston, Guatemala, falls out of our morning mail in an aggressive way.

It is nothing new. In every land, under every sun, people see THE CONSTITUTION. What can we say? Of course Georgia is the garden spot of the union, but this simple statement is not enough. Our friends on the outside must come down here and see for themselves.

Mr. Blackstone's Complaints.

We alluded the other day to the proposition made by President T. B. Blackstone, of the Chicago and Alton railroad, to the effect that the government take entire charge of transportation companies and operate them for the benefit of the people. This proposition seems to be the result of opposition on the part of Mr. Blackstone to the policy of state regulation of the corporations. He is not really in favor of government purchase, but he desires to startle his stockholders, and at the same time relieve his mind. He seems to have frightened some northern editors also, and they are treating his report with amusement.

In the course of his report, Mr. Blackstone refers to what he calls the repressive policy of some of the western states toward the railroads, and he cites this as an argument to show that the people are ready to drive the corporations out of business. His illustration, however, is unfortunate. There can be no doubt that what is known as granger legislation went too far, and some of the results of that crude policy may still survive; but in recalling that legislation and its effects, Mr. Blackstone should, in common justice, discuss the cause of it.

Why did the people of what is known as the granger states legislate against the railroads? What induced them to adopt repressive measures? Was it because they had a natural and a deep-seated prejudice against the railroads? Was it because they desired to drive the corporations out of business? This could not be so, for the people, in the first instance, had granted the roads their charters and had given them various privileges.

Why then did the people procure and endorse what is known as granger legislation? To ask the question is to overthrow all the arguments of Mr. Blackstone. The railroads themselves are responsible for all the legislation leveled at them, repressive or impressive, good, bad and indifferent. In the granger states the people were made the victims of the most intolerable impositions at the hands of the railroad managers, and all their appeals and petitions for justice fell on dull and sordid ears. When the reaction came the railroads suffered, as it was natural they should suffer. It is generally admitted that the people went too far with retaliatory legislation, but they went no further than the roads had gone and did no more damage, if as much, than the roads had done.

One thing is certain, our people are going to wait. They are not going to rush off after new leaders. They know that it is impossi-

ble to change the divine dispensation making the poor always with us, and they are not going to make the attempt.

But our sensational preachers and teachers know just what string to harp on. They have found it an easy matter to fill their pockets by preaching the gospel of everything for everybody, and they are going to stick to the line of business paying them best.

Little Geniuses.

If a man cannot be a great genius, is it worth his while to be a little one? Some learned men say not. Of the poets who flourished and were famous a hundred years ago, how many are known now? Of all the bright volumes that brought fame to their authors and made the booksellers of old wealthy, how many can we find upon the shelves of the bookstores of today? Only a few. And yet their authors, lauded by friends and flattered by reviews, threw all their souls into their songs and fondly dreamed of earthly immortality.

The fittest survive, and the world has sorted them out with unerring judgment. From the good it has taken the best, and we are thankful. But these little geniuses—did they live their lives in vain because they are forgotten now? Was all their music meaningless, and did the world never miss it when their harps were silent? They fulfilled their mission; their songs went home to human hearts and quickened them with feeling. They sang as sang the birds—brief, tender songs that made the world glad for a day; and though their names are now unknown, their graves unmarked, their work has not been unrewarded.

So let the little geniuses be of good cheer; their footprints may not go echoing down the ages, but they may sound very pleasantly in the pathways of today. If they feel that they must sing, let no man say them nay; there will be ears to listen, voices to applaud and hearts to feel. The world needs the low, soft notes of the humble singer, the homely harps of the little poet, as a rest from the deep bass of the bard sublimes.

An Editor's Meanderings.

The Springfield Republican is a wonderful paper. When it gets hold of a subject it tries to chew it as fine as wood-pulp. Its editorial articles go through the political planing mill, and are then fired in the literary stripping machine.

As an instance of the effect of this sort of treatment, may be mentioned an article on the Times is not a candidate-maker, but upon the strength of this, that if Hon. John T. Glenn of Atlanta, wants to be governor, he will be helped by anybody. He is the son of the famous Cobb family. Georgia has always delighted to nominate him in the dead center of the ticket which made his uncle, General Tom Cobb, one of the ablest lawyers of his day, and that percent of men and measures which took his name. Now, however, he is not quite so good as his uncle, and he is not quite so good as his father. If Tom Glenn wants the office, the man who beats him will have to hustle.

PEOPLE are making fun of the new postage stamps. After all, it looks very much like the one that we had before the war. There is nothing surprisingly new about it.

In Naples it has been decided that newsboys are not disturbers of the peace. We need some Naples' law in this country.

Congressman TARNEY's little incident, which related Wednesday to the house during consideration of the Oklahoma prohibition amendment, was characteristic and to the point. He was attending court in a Kansas town particularly cranky on the prohibition question, when the prosecuting attorney appeared in the doorway and shook a bottle of beer at the judge. His honor frowned, but soon after adjourned court for ten minutes and disappeared. What happened during his absence can safely be conjectured, although it would be contempt of court to express an opinion. The incident hints at the weak point of prohibition as a practical measure. People frown in public, but they will smile on the sly.

The bill in the New York legislature requires dogs to be muzzled has been defeated. It makes no difference. The dogs will be on top in spite of any law.

COMMANDER McCALLA will have to be dismissed.

When an officer takes his sword and strikes a man in iron he goes a step or two beyond his position. That is the way the American people view it.

ABOUT every so often the public is harassed by reading that there are unmistakable proofs that some unfortunate person has been buried alive, or an account appears stating how a supposed passenger has narrowly escaped this terrible fate. The last case of this kind occurred at Mount Blanchard. The body of a young boy was prepared for burial but fortunately lay dead when discovered before he was interred. He was in the ground, and the little fellow is now on the fair road to recovery.

There is no doubt that many premature interments occur, and that people wake up occasionally to find themselves under ground. In such cases, the invention of a certain Frenchman would be a blessing. It consists of a dagger and spring attachment to a coffin. At the least movement of the supposed corpse, the dagger is released and pierces the heart. No such invention would be necessary if due care were taken by the living. This is a matter in which we are all interested.

GEORGIA ECHOES.

The Albany News and Advertiser says it has the handsomest foreman of any daily paper in the state, or any of the thunderbolts of freedom, for that matter. Can it be possible Editor Turner is filling two positions on the paper?

The editor of the Montezuma Record is in a dilemma, and all on account of the weather. He says:

It's cold and warm and warm and cold.

There's calm and then there's bluster,

so that we don't know which to wear.

An overcoat or duster.

Editor Triplett, of the Thomasville Times, is talking strangely on matrimonial topics. It is easy to tell the truth to your wife, he says, as to tell a lie, but is not always so evident.

In the opinion of the editor of the Jackson Argus, the man who can kick a pupit to pieces, and bang off the covers of the Bible, is no longer considered a great preacher. The editor of the Argus doubletless enjoys a nap in church occasionally, and somebody has been wakening him up.

A Georgia editor drops into poetry and gives his subscribers the following recipe for the grape:

Little grains of quinine,

Little drunks of rye,

Makes a gripe that's got you,

Drop its hold and fly.

This may quickly help you,

If you will only try,

But don't forget the quinine,

When you take the rye.

Editor McDonald, of the Jackson Argus, propounds this question: "What must a fellow do when he has license to marry a young lady, and she doesn't exactly feel an inclination to usurp the matrimonial laws of our glorious old state by participating in any such laborious and fool-hardy undertaking?" Will the ordinary man "e'en back at their par value, or does anybody wish to buy a pair of second hand license?" One can easily imagine the fix he is in.

They are only six editors in the state who can set type, and they married rich.

The Rose Alliance Herald is doing good work for the farmers. Editor Moseley is a first class farmer himself.

The Merriweather Vindicator is in a prosperous condition, and it's always merry-with-the editor.

The editor of the Lee County News is bald-headed at nineteen. And, strange to say, he is a single man.

A new paper has made its appearance at Dahlonega. It is called the Nugget, and a rare nugget it is.

Where Billiards Originated.

"I am satisfied now," spoke the funny man as he awoke, "that the hitherto Chinese is the originator of the game of billiards."

"How do you make that?" asked one of the party.

"Because they handle the queue so well," responded the funny man, as he dodged the just stroke of the injured party.

themselves are responsible for the legislation they object to. The people, however, have more conscience than the railway managers have been in the habit of exhibiting, and they are willing to remedy legislation that is repressive or unjust.

Georgia, in adopting a railroad law that is almost perfect in its results, and organizing under it a commission with full power to enforce its decisions, has set an example that will be followed in time by all the other states.

Mr. Wannaker even now has some friends in Georgia, and one of them is Major John C. Whitehead, of Atlanta, who is a frequent visitor in Philadelphia. Major Whitehead has a earnest protest against the denunciation of the man, though he does not defend his Georgia appointments.

"Many criticisms have been made upon the postmaster general," said he, "and so far as they affect his character as a gentleman and a Christian, they have been undeserved. Permit me a few words in his behalf. I have been a democrat for forty years, and yield to no man in love and loyalty to the south in all her traditions, sufferings and hopes. It is solely as a southern man and a democrat that I say a few words as a matter of justice to a northern man and a republican."

ORDINARY thieves have to run to Canada or go to jail, but the republican party can get away with the surplus and stay right at home.

A REPUBLICAN ORATOR in the house the other day put his hand in his pocket and exclaimed: "Where is the surplus?"

SENATOR EDMUND is the most thoughtful looking man in the senate. He is engaged in pondering a great economic question—why he has to pay more for his toddy in Washington than in Vermont.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Services that Will Be Conducted Today in the Various Temples.

First Methodist Church—Rev. H. C. Morrison, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Class meeting at 3:30 p. m. All are invited. Seats free.

Trinity church, corner Whitehall and West Peters streets—John H. Heaton, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. by the pastor, and at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. Julius Magath, a converted Hebrew. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. A. Hemphill, superintendent. Experience meeting Monday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Seats free.

Trinity Home mission chapel, near old barracks—Sunday school at 3 p. m. F. M. Richardson, superintendent. Prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. J. W. Jordan. Prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m. All are welcome.

Merritts Avenue Methodist church—Rev. C. A. Evans and J. S. Hopkins, D. D., pastors. Preaching at 11 a. m. by Rev. C. A. Evans, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. Dr. H. Frazer, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Public cordially invited to all the services.

Marietta-street Methodist Episcopal church, between Spring and Bartow streets—Rev. A. F. Ellington, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. T. E. Elliott, superintendent. Conservation meeting Monday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. All are invited to attend.

Capitol-avenue Mission, Capitol avenue, between Courtland and Grant streets—M. T. Tamm, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. T. E. Elliott, superintendent. Conservation meeting Monday at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. All are invited to attend.

Walker-street Methodist church, junction of Walker and Nelson streets—Rev. J. R. King, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. by the pastor. Subject, "What Shall We Do for Our Sons?" First Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. T. E. Elliott, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Seats free.

Grace M. E. church, corner Boulevard and Howell streets—Rev. H. H. Bell, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. T. E. Elliott, superintendent. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Seats free.

Grace M. E. church, south corner of Davis and Foundry streets—W. P. Smith, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Class meeting at 7:30 a. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. J. H. Morris, superintendent.

The Bishop Hopper's mission, Marietta street, on city limits—Rev. D. M. Smith, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. E. M. Roberts, superintendent. All are invited to come worship with us in our new temple.

Marietta Street Mission—J. F. Barclay, superintendent. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Services tonight at 7:30 p. m.

McDonough Street mission, corner Capitol and Georgia avenues—Sunday school at 3 p. m. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30 p. m.

Pleasant Hill church—Rev. W. F. Brewer, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. G. W. Brewster, superintendent. All are invited to come to our services.

Baptist church, corner Forsyth and Walton streets—Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. A. P. Stewart, superintendent.

Third Baptist church, 31 Jones Avenue—Rev. A. H. Mitchell, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. William H. Bell, superintendent.

Second Baptist church, corner Washington and Mitchell streets—Rev. Henry McDonald, D. D., pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. A. C. Moore, superintendent. Young men's meeting at 7:30 p. m. Monday. Prayer meeting at 7:30 p. m. Wednesday.

Central Baptist church, corner West Peters and West Fair streets—Rev. William Henry Strickland, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. by Rev. J. W. Jones, D. D., and at 7:30 p. m. by Rev. D. V. Stover. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Professor L. M. Landrum, superintendent. Public cordially invited.

Fifth Baptist church, corner Gilmer and Bell streets—Rev. C. N. Nease, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. T. J. Buchanan, superintendent. Church conference Friday night.

Sixth Baptist church, West Hunter street—Rev. J. W. Jones, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Communion at the close of morning service. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. J. C. Wilson, superintendent. Young people's meeting at 3 p. m. Every Saturday night.

West End Baptist church, Located West End—Rev. S. Y. Jameson, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Frank P. Gardner, superintendent.

Central Presbyterian church, corner Fair and Walton streets—Services 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. J. W. Pogue, pastor. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Seats free.

Rankin Street Presbyterian church, Georgia avenue—Religious services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. J. W. Pogue minister in charge, aided by young men of the Prayer association of Central Presbyterian church. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Charles E. Eckford, superintendent. All are welcome.

Third Presbyterian church, Rev. A. R. Holdhey, pastor—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the pastor. Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Canon W. H. Barry, superintendent. All invited. Seats free.

Fourth Presbyterian church—Rev. T. P. Cleaveland, pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Sunday morning at 7 a. m. The Mission Sunday school of the Central Presbyterian church will meet at 3 p. m. near the glass works. All are cordially invited to attend. Dr. T. F. Frazee, pastor.

Wallace Street Presbyterian church, corner Fair and Walton streets—Services 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Rev. J. W. Pogue, pastor. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Seats free.

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THE WEEK IN SOCIETY.

WHAT IT HAS BROUGHT TO THE PEOPLE OF GEORGIA.

Items of Interest About Atlanta People and Their Friends—Gossip for and About Women.

The theater this week has presented such unequal attractions in the Boston Ideal Opera company, that despite the rules and regulations of Lent, many availed themselves of the rare treat to hear a company of artists. L'Allemann captured the hearts of the people with her entrancing voice, and with her musical dramatic power—and then possessing as she does so many charms personally, it is irresistibly drawn toward her with a sympathy and interest which are unusual. Her queer little short steps were amusing just as if she were stepping over puddles," some one said. Chevalier Scovell was much admired, his fine tenor voice possesses unusual qualities, and is as sweet as it is powerful. His acting in "Lucia," was especially fine, and received much applause. One heart goes so much of the impression, consisting in the greatest abundance of everything the most delicate and fastidious taste could demand or suggest, and all faultlessly served.

The groom is a man of sterling worth and excellent character, while the bride possesses many rare accomplishments, among which are her splendid musical talents and attainments, with her admirable character and personal charms, making her a favorite with those who know her.

The popularity of both was attested by the hand-some presents and many congratulations they received.

After the feast the bridal party left for the groom's home at Rochelle.

Mrs. Julia Rankin is quite ill at her home on Capitol avenue. Her many friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Mrs. Hattie May Mitchell has returned home, after a delightful visit to friends in Chattanooga, Tenn.

Mrs. W. H. Venable and Mrs. E. S. McCandless have returned to their homes from a visit at Hot Springs.

Invitations are out for the wooden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Shearer. Mr. Shearer formerly lived in Atlanta, and has many friends here.

Mrs. John Stephens, with his daughter, Miss Lucy Lee Hoblitzel, that of Mrs. Margaret Ravnhill, that of drama; Miss Mary Kyle Dallas, that of music; Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl, of Rutgers' college, that of education; Mrs. Lorier that of philanthropy; Mrs. Eliza W. Higley, that of science; Mrs. Terhune (Marion Harland), that of business, and Mrs. Ada M. Brown, that of the business world.

At the convention of the club which took place in New York in March, of last year, a federation of clubs was proposed and a meeting will be held from March until the 2d, 24th and 25th of April, at which time the formal adoption of a constitution for the federation, by the united clubs, through their delegates, will be voted upon, and the officers and appointment of permanent committee. This will close the preliminary work and launch the federation upon the world—a noble craft, freighted with the nobility of the nineteenth century.

The effect of some of the new beaded and spangled nets and gauze for summer dancing dresses, reminds one of the robes worn by fairies in "Midsummer Night's Dream." These seen in their great delicacy, and the beauty of the texture of the robes, as in the giddy masses of the dance, the pretty pendants are likely to come to grief, and then what destructions and trials of temper as these ornaments catch and interlace on other flying toilets. But these textiles are very tempting, as the tins are lovely, and toiles formed of them are made up over clinging china silks. The shade of the diaphanous drapery—a most delicate gown was recently by a delectable sister of accord, a plain white trille over acceleration plaited chintz silk of the same color. The bodice of china silk was almost covered with a bertha in the style of our grandmothers, filmy lace, the whole effect being elegantly simple.

Fine damask tablecloths with pink, blue, yellow or pale-brown grounds are now popular for colored tea, to match the chiffon.

Not long ago the New York Journal offered a sumptuous silver than of exquisite workmanship to the most popular woman in New York, to be decided by vote. Last week the contest ended, Mrs. Grover Cleveland being the winner by a goodly number of votes. Those who have followed the career of the "First Lady" since she became known to us under that name, with interest and affection, will rejoice that it is upon her queenly head that this beautiful token of popular love will rest.

Unique pin-cushions are made in large wooden spoons, enamelled white, the first being stuck in a lump of dough made of biscuit-colored silk, placed in the bowl of the spoon.

We recently had the pleasure of seeing one of the finest portraits that have come from the studio of Mr. Field. It is the life-sized portrait of a bright and handsome little boy, Vivian Stoval, of Albany, Ga., son of Mrs. C. P. Stoval, of the Atlanta Female Institute. The likeness is perfect, and one smiles a response to the mischievous little face looking out of the picture, before he realizes that it is not the child himself standing there in his attire, but a portrait of him to be congratulated upon possessing so faithful a portrait of her promising son, no less than Mr. Field upon the production of such a piece of art.

Monday evening the Musical Club will meet at the residence of Mrs. A. D. Adair, on Washington street.

Friday evening the Veteran Club met at the residence of Mrs. R. Gilham. The inanities evidently did not prevent her parsons from being filled with the members of this popular social and literary club. The literary programme was executed with force and excellence.

Mrs. Lizzie Macaulay, Miss Annie and Katie White, after a pleasant trip to Milledgeville and middle Georgia, have returned home.

On Thursday evening last Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Howell dined at dinner at their home, 45 West Cain street, complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Lyett of New York. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Lyett of New York; Mr. and Mrs. John D. Owings, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Burns; Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, of Atlanta; Hon. J. E. Burks and wife, of Charleston, S. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Hook have returned after an absence of several weeks.

Mr. Henry Johnson gave a delightful supper after the theater on Friday night, in honor of his guest, Miss Rawson, of Des Moines, Iowa. The guests were Miss Cornelia Jackson, Miss Rainie, Miss Effie Howell, Miss Marsh, Miss McBride and Miss Hillier; Messrs. Daniel, Cary Wood, Charles Crankshaw, Nutting and Redwine.

Mr. Frank Hoyle returned to his home yesterday after having spent a few days with his Atlanta friends.

Mr. J. C. Daniel and family left on Friday for Florida.

Miss Dottie Bell, of New York, is in the city visiting Mrs. D. W. Apples, 25 West Baker street. Miss Bell was once a resident of Atlanta, but moved to New York with her parents a few years ago.

Mr. W. G. Cooper is spending the Chautauqua season in Albany and Batsto.

ROME, Ga., March 15.—[Special.]—On last Wednesday morning, the 12th instant, Mr. W. J. Warren, of Wilmington, N. C., and Miss Clark M. Adams, formerly of Atlanta, were happily married in the presence of a number of friends, by Rev. W. G. Jones, who, in his usual pretty and impressive manner, recited the old Indian words which made the two. Miss Adams has for the past few months been the guest of her son, Mrs. W. G. McKenzie, and during her sojourn in Rome

has made a host of friends who regret to give her up. Mr. Warren is one of Wilmington's rising young men, prominently connected with the southern Express company, and well deserves the prize he has won. The bride and groom left on the 9:30 train for Atlanta, from which place they go to Wilmington, the home of the groom.

EASTMAN, Ga., March 13.—[Special.]—Yesterday, Judge James Bishop, Ingewood, Ga., Miss Carolyn Bishop was united in marriage to Mr. R. L. Bush, an extensive manufacturer of naval stores in Wilcox and Dooly counties.

The bride was a picture of loveliness, attired in a pink silk wedding gown, the beautiful bridegroom, which fitted close to the floor, adding to her maidenly modesty and enhancing her natural charms. Miss Helen Bishop and Mr. Tom Bush were the only attendants.

The parlor, hall and dining room were beautifully decorated with evergreen festoons, pot plants and cut flowers in rich profusion.

During the ceremony the parlor was slightly darkened, thus making the scene more impressive and more imposing.

After the marriage the guests were invited to an elegant luncheon, consisting in the greatest abundance of everything the most delicate and fastidious taste could demand or suggest, and all faultlessly served.

The groom is a man of sterling worth and excellent character, while the bride possesses many rare accomplishments, among which are her splendid musical talents and attainments, with her admirable character and personal charms, making her a favorite with those who know her.

The popularity of both was attested by the hand-some presents and many congratulations they received.

The magnitude of the work can hardly be appreciated, except by those who have become familiar with the criminal records of the city and county, but it is safe to say that no term of any court in the state ever handled such a vast amount of business as this last term of the criminal side of the city courts.

AMONG THE NOTABLE CASES

have been that of George Oaks, convicted of larceny, and sentenced to eight months, Tuesday.

Oakes is well known to the authorities as one of the hardest cases in the city. He it was who married the young girl from the Home of the Friendless, and by his own mistreatment drove her to lead a life of shame. There are several other cases against him.

Francis, the young white man who belonged to the Marietta street gang, got \$1,000 or twelve months, on a charge of stabbing. His connection will doubtless have a very salutary effect on the rowdies who have been the terror of the city.

Theodore, the negro who swindled J. P. Trotty out of eighty old gold dollars, got \$500 and costs. This case, when first tried, was represented by Messrs. W. J. and J. R. Albert, and a new trial was granted because another attorney denounced one of the witnesses on the stand. This time it was represented by Mr. R. J. Albert and Mr. J. J. Jordan, who made a vigorous defense but lost the case.

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The cases have been tried at the rate of two to the hour during the term; and Judge Van Epps and Solicitor O'Bryan feel very much relieved after these busy weeks of trying the criminals of Atlanta and Fulton county.

In this remarkable piece of work Solicitor O'Bryan has had a splendid co-adjutor in Captain Couch, whose services have been invaluable in facilitating the business of the court.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. J. W. Bishop and daughter, of Griffin, are in the city, the guests of Mrs. H. Jackson, No. 44 Alexander street.

The many friends of Mrs. Fogler, of Marietta, will be glad to learn that she is convalescing from her ill health.

Mrs. Barnes, of Opelika, has returned home after an enjoyable visit to her daughter, Mrs. M. B. Barnes, of Washington street.

Master Paul McDonald gave a delightful birthday party last Monday. There were a great many present and everybody had a nice time.

Mrs. Thomas is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Joe Gatlin, on Washington street.

Mrs. W. M. Scott has gone to Montgomery on a visit to her sister.

Lent's Uses and Abuses.

EDITORIAL CONSTITUTION: In our papers have appeared several articles wherein the holy season of Lent is the object of the writer's ridicule.

Those who comprehend and appreciate the privacies and the intended benefits of the season, this applied misuse of the forty days, grates upon the sensibilities as well as arouses a feeling of sympathy for those who are ignorant of the significance and the spirit of condemnation for wilful misrepresentation; to suggest that the time spent in self-examination, self-denial, retrospection, introspection, confession and penitence, is not a time for trifles and amusements, and to generate deserts and the use. When this season of self-examination, self-denial, retrospection, introspection, confession and penitence is over, we may be better informed in the secular writings, for the purpose, I presume, of shaming us into better behavior, or creating a general spirit of condemnation for wilful misrepresentation; to suggest that the time spent in self-examination, self-denial, retrospection, introspection, confession and penitence is not a time for trifles and amusements, and to generate deserts and the use. 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TO SUCCEED GORDON.

FLEMING G. DUBIGNON OUT OF THE RACE.

He Positively Declines to Enter the Race but Declares That the Honor Should Go to South Georgia.

SAVANNAH, Ga., March 15.—[Special.]—Ex-Senator Fleming G. duBignon is not and will not be a candidate for governor!

This announcement is not a bit of political coquetry on his part, but is a sincere and positive resolve.

Mr. duBignon was asked point blank today if he would state whether he is or would be in the race for the governorship.

THE QUESTION STATED.

His answer was direct and unmistakable, and he read himself out of politics without an evasive word.

The question was put to him in this way:

When you retired from the senate you announced that you were leaving politics behind. The recent canvas of the state by THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION showed that, in the face of that announcement, you had next to the strongest following of all whose names were mentioned for the nomination for governor. The newspapers and the people are discussing your name, and there seems to be a widespread impression throughout the state that you are a candidate. Do you object to stating whether or not, in view of the flattering endorsement from every section of Georgia, you have changed your mind since last fall?"

AND THE PROMPT REPLY.

"I will tell you frankly," the senator replied, "that I am not a candidate for governor, and will not be. In taking my leave of the senate last November, I said that it was quitting politics, and referring to the kind expressions which had been made to me, stated that I was not a candidate for governor. That resolution has grown stronger, if possible, in the intervening time. Friends from all parts of the state are writing to me and asking the same question you have put, I have answered them all that I am not in the field, and will not be. My business engagements would not permit me to accept the nomination if it were in the power of my friends to secure it for me. To my friends who have so kindly proffered me their influence, I am sincerely thankful. I feel that the first obligation I owe them is to tell them without the slightest evasion that I will not be a candidate."

SOUTH GEORGIA SHOULD BE RECOGNIZED.

Being asked what he thought of the political field as it stands now, the senator stated that he thought the time had come when recognition should be given to south Georgia. This section has been sadly neglected in the past, he continued, though this was not from a lack of gentlemen who were well worthy of the honor.

"If either of the Savannah gentlemen who have been mentioned in connection with this office will enter the race. I will aid him to the full-extent of my influence and ability," said the senator.

AS TO MR. NORTHEN.

He added that the indications at present point very strongly to Mr. Northen, in whose hands the interests of the state would be safe should that gentleman be elected.

"I know Mr. Northen well. We lived in adjoining counties, and served in the house together in 1880, and we successively represented the same senatorial district in the senate. He is a conservative and pure man, and would make a creditable governor," Mr. duBignon remarked in conclusion.

THIS STATEMENT FINAL.

Statement of the senator's, coming at this time, when his prospects are so encouraging, is regretted by his friends here, who had hoped that he would permit matters to drift along, at least for the present. Had he chosen to say that he would like to have the office he could sweep south Georgia, and from every part of middle and north Georgia he has received assurances of influence which no political power could overturn.

Mr. duBignon sacrifices political honors for the more solid remuneration of the practice of his profession.

The Wet and Dry Fight in Hawkinsville.

HAWKINSVILLE, Ga., March 15.—The anti-prohibitionists party took possession of the town this afternoon, and had a rousing meeting at the courthouse. Colonel Rubin Arnold, of Atlanta, addressed the citizens of Hawkinsville, a poor county for about two years from an anti-slavery stand. His remarks elicited frequent and loud applause from the crowd, the largest that the courthouse ever held, were thoroughly sympathetic with him. Although the campaign is warming up, no ill-feeling is displayed in the discussions which one hears on every street corner. The election will be very close, and it is generally thought the majority, whether for or against the sale, will be small.

Indicted For Burglary.

ELBERTON, March 15.—[Special.]—The grand jury at the present term of the superior court returned a rather unusual bill against Mr. T. L. Adams, of Bowman. The charge is common burglary by unlawfully stirring up law suits and quarels between individuals. A majority of the citizens of Bowman are witnesses for the state on the bill. The case excites considerable comment, and will be watched with much interest.

Abram S. Hewitt Coming.

ROME, Ga., March 15.—[Special.]—Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, of New York, has written to a friend in Rome that he will leave on the 19th inst. for the south and will make a visit to Rome, Atlanta, and Macon, before considering the tender of a banquet to him on his arrival, to show the appreciation of our citizens for his frequent indentures of our section.

The New Cashier.

ROME, Ga., March 15.—[Special.]—The board of directors of the Merchants' National bank have elected Mr. Robert J. Gwynatt as assistant cashier. It is understood that he will accept the position, which will probably necessitate the closing of the East Home Male Academy about the first of April.

Fired by a Burglar.

CORDELE, Ga., March 16.—[Special.]—The depot at Atlanta, on the Georgia, Southern and Florida Railroad, about ten miles south of Cordele, was broken into at 2 o'clock this morning. The contents of the depot—a six car load five hundred dollars belonging to Mr. C. T. Smith, agent at Atlanta, were destroyed. It is supposed the depot was robbed and afterwards set on fire.

Dropped Dead From Heart Disease.

CUMMING, Ga., March 15.—[Special.]—Mrs. Pool, wife of Dr. Vel Pool, dropped dead yesterday evening while standing by the house with her babe in her arms. She is supposed to have been effected with heart disease.

The Money Raised.

THOMASVILLE, Ga., February 15.—[Special.]—Fourteen thousand dollars, a sum sufficient to purchase terminal facilities for the Georgia Southern and Florida, has been subscribed by the people of Thomasville, and the road is now assured.

WILL THE PROSECUTION CONTINUE?

An Effort to Quash the Indictment Against the Ex-City Treasurer.

MACOY, Ga., March 15.—[Special.]—It will be remembered that the accounts of ex-City Treasurer O. F. Adams were found short over a year ago about \$18,000. The city finally agreed to settle with his bondsmen for \$8,000. This amount has been duly paid by the bondsmen, and the final amount to be paid by the bondsmen had to pay was \$9,000. Captain Adams and children then decided the family home to the bondsmen and they were willing to prosecute Captain Adams. Recently the bondsmen sold the property at public outcry for garnishee only six days later, and the city paid off Adams' account. Immediately after the sale a report got in circulation that some of the children of Captain Adams would contest the suit, and the bondsmen still refused to settle, and the bondsmen still held the property and are still out of their money.

The grand jury found a true bill against Captain Adams for embezzlement. Recently on oath was taken that the bondsmen had settled with the city, and the impression that the bondsmen had been settled with. The indictment still exists, however, and the prosecution will be pushed. Captain Adams is sick at home for several months.

Yesterday afternoon, T. H. Hendrix, W. H. McDaniel, W. E. Davis, C. W. Jones, J. M. Danout, and Walter Adams met Judge A. L. Miller, of the superior court, in his room at the courthouse, for the purpose of effecting a settlement, and came to an agreement of the affairs involved.

The attorneys of the bondsmen and of Captain Adams were also present. Had a satisfactory arrangement been consummated, the bondsmen would have withdrawn the criminal prosecution against Mr. Adams; but as now just as they have seen a true bill, they are still to be surprised at the people of Macon, for they have thought that all matters between Captain Adams and the city had been settled.

The bondsmen will not consent to a withdrawal of the prosecution, if they are not made secure in the property by Captain Adams.

A DAY OF ACCIDENTS.

All the Horses of Morgan County Seem to be Rptive.

MADISON, Ga., March 15.—[Special.]—While Mr. J. H. Hunter and Rev. Mr. Wooten were returning from a hunt their horse became frightened, and running the buggy against a stump turned it over, throwing them both out. Mr. Wooten received injuries on his back, which had caused him to be confined to his bed. Mr. J. H. Hunter received only slight bruises.

The Atlanta lodge entertained the visiting brethren at a magnificent banquet at Donegan's last night. The tables were set in the ladies' parlors, and was most elegant in all its appointments. A special feature of the entertainment was the "social room," which is one of the great features of Elkhorn. At 11 o'clock the toast "to our absent brothers" was drunk in silence.

The menu of the banquet:

ATLANTA HAS ELKS.

THE HOME LODGE DULY INSTALLED YESTERDAY.

The Members and the Officers of the Order—the Banquet at Donegan's Last Night.

Atlanta Lodge No. 78, B. P. O. E., was duly instituted yesterday.

Deputy Exalted Grand Ruler Battle, of Columbus, was the instituting officer, and he was assisted in the work by the members of the Columbus lodge.

The exercises were held in the Knights of Honor hall, and judging by the appearance of certain prominent Atlantans, and by the sounds which came from the lodge-room, the exercises must have been most interesting.

The Atlanta lodge starts out under most auspicious circumstances. The personnel of its membership is excellent and all the new Elks manifest great enthusiasm in the order.

The list of charter members of the new lodge includes Messrs. D. W. Rountree, W. L. Venable, Tom Cobb Jackson, Joseph Eddie, Miller, II. G. Saunders, Willis F. Westmoreland, F. O. Stockton, Sam Webb, J. H. Griffin, Ben Hill Thompson, John Word, Sam Hall, R. O. Campbell, Ed. Calloway, G. B. Miller, Tom Miller, Charles Hart, G. B. Everett, J. C. Freeman, John S. Clarke, Will S. Draper, S. B. Jackson, J. A. Bowen, W. R. Crosby, D. H. Howell, T. S. Mast, M. C. Sharp, W. J. Walker, W. H. Wimberly, G. W. Hunt, A. S. Thweatt, Joseph Thompson, G. W. Jones, R. A. Harris, H. G. Huht.

The officers of the new lodge are:

Exalted ruler—D. W. Rountree.

Esteemed loyal knight—Joseph Eddie.

Esteemed leading knight—J. C. Freeman.

Secretary—H. G. Saunders.

Treasurer—B. H. Thompson.

Esquire—S. M. Hall.

Inner guard—F. O. Stockton.

Tyler—A. A. Vernon.

Trustee—W. F. Westmoreland, Jr., J. H. Griffin, S. B. Webb.

THE BANQUET.

The Atlanta lodge entertained the visiting brethren at a magnificent banquet at Donegan's last night. The tables were set in the ladies' parlors, and was most elegant in all its appointments. A special feature of the entertainment was the "social room," which is one of the great features of Elkhorn. At 11 o'clock the toast "to our absent brothers" was drunk in silence.

The menu of the banquet:

OSTRICK.

Norfolk oysters.

Soft shell crabs.

Claret.

Pork.

French fried potatoes.

GAME.

Quail on toast.

Champagne.

Sweet bread and green peas.

SALADS.

Chicken and shrimp.

RELISHES.

Pickled onions.

French olives.

Assorted fruits and nuts.

Vanilla ice cream.

Assorted cake.

Cigars.

French Coffee.

THE SOUTH SIDE UCHRE PARTY.

Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. John Moore entertained the South Side Uchre club at their elegant home on Capitol avenue. This club has among its members the most prominent society of the south side. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McKee, Mr. and Mrs. George Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. George Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, Miss Sallie Sanders, Messrs. Wilbur Moore and John Eddie. The house was like a fairy's grotto, decorated in yellow and white. Marcella Neil roses and pansies, with smylax forming the principal features of the decorations.

This club meets at a member's house once a month, but this being Mr. Moore's birthday the meeting was held at his home. The club has been in existence for three years.

The price was the most elegant shown, being decorated to order after original designs furnished by Mrs. Moore, who has unusual artistic skill. Mrs. Hugh McKee showed her prowess as a skillful player and earned the first prize, while Mr. George Scipio carried off the first for gentlemen. Much amusement was created by the efforts of those not so fortunate to keep low enough to secure the "Booby," which was an elegant work basket inscribed "Better Work Than Play" and a musical instrument for the girls, secured by Mr. Hugh McKee, which will remain in the Masonic Lodge until the skill in bringing out its musical qualities.

A repeat that would do credit to Delmonico was spread at ten, and the favors which were also the creations of the fair hostess, were marvels of skill and taste. All who were fortunate to be among the lucky club will long remember with pleasure the evening, and join with us in wishing them many more birthdays.

GATHERED FROM THE STREETS.

Fire in Griffin.

GRIFFIN, Ga., March 15.—[Special.]—Fire broke out in Ira Slade's store at a late hour last night. Fortunately the fire was discovered and extinguished before much damage was done. The loss from fire, smoke and breakage of show-cases, etc., will probably reach a hundred and fifty dollars, fully covered by insurance.

HE WAS AN ATLANTA DRUMMER,

And the Boys of West Point Took Him Out for a Walk.

A Broken Leg.

FLOWERY BRANCH, Ga., March 15.—[Special.]—Miss Ella Geesling, an accomplished young lady of Warren county, and niece of Judge William Duggan, of this city, died today at the residence of Mr. John F. Walker, at Centralia, in this county. She was in charge of the Centralia academy at the time of her death, a flourishing and prosperous school. She had been in feeble health for some time, and had suddenly become worse last Friday. Dr. J. A. Geesling, of Greensboro, her brother, is here to escort her remains to the family burial ground.

A Broken Leg.

FIRE IN GRIMES.

"Were you in that campaign?" asked an old veteran of the army of Tennessee, who had been with a cause acquaintance, had accidentally discovered this bond of affinity.

"Was I?" said the other. "Well, I recon I was. Went right through it and was one of the last men to get out. When I got to the river they were just preparing fire. It was fire and I was one of the last men to cross. It was fire when I reached the other side."

"Well, now, that is strange," replied the first speaker, "do you know I was with the rear guard at that bridge and I am the man that had charge of setting it on fire."

Speaking about bridges he continued, "the most unique maneuver that I ever witnessed was on one of the bridges in East Tennessee during the war. It was just after the confederates had moved out of Knoxville, Major Campbell Wallace was in charge of the railroad stores there, and he determined to bring them away. The Yankees were already in the town, and it was a dangerous move, but everything was hitched up, the lights were all put out, and orders given to pull out. We got out of town without any trouble, but we were soon stopped by a squad of the engineers and the bridge blown up. The engineer who did it was a boy named John F. Walker, and he had a joke for us. He said, 'I'm a drummer boy, and I'm going to play for you.'"

A well-worn until we reached a bridge which was being repaired. It was in a very shaky condition, and we very seriously doubted whether it would stand the weight of the trains, so much so that none of the men were willing to run the engines over. Here was a dilemma. It was out of the question to leave all the valuable rolling stock, and we could not wait to have the bridge repaired. Finally Major Wallace hit on an expedient. He ordered all the engineers to be ferried over the river and to wait on the other side, with instructions for each man to be on the watch and jump on his engine as it came by. Then, when the trains were set in motion, and every man jumped off. Away they went over the bridge with everybody watching, expecting to see a magnificent wreck. But we witnessed no such thing, for they all went safely over, and as they passed the men waiting on the other side, each man mounted his engine and halted his train. After that, all we had to do was to turn the bridge, ferry our men over, and we were safe from pursuit."

A genuine Atlanta boy, an eight year old boy, who told us to guess at Atlanta's population for the \$50 prize at George Muse's clothing store yesterday asked if Atlanta extended to the Tennesses.

"It doesn't reach quite that far," was the reply.

"Is Atlanta as big as Georgia?" was the next query.

"Nearly as big."

"Well put my guess at 3,000,000."

TO MORE EXTENSIVE QUARTERS.

The Growth and Prosperity of a Successful Firm.

Here's an item showing that manufacturing pays in Atlanta.

Five years ago Abe Foote began making trunks in Atlanta. He then employed five hands.

Today he has three establishments—a store-room on Whitehead, a storeroom on Decatur, and a large manufactory on Forsyth.

Yesterday the firm of Abe Foote & Bro. moved their manufacturing establishment to the Austin building on Forsyth street, where they are now busy arranging for a big increase in their business.

From five hands their force has increased to more than one hundred; from a little back room their manufactory has grown until now the entire Austin building, with their entire floors, is necessary to accommodate their workmen.

The building is that recently occupied by Holstien & Company, and contains

ATTICUS G. HAYGOOD
 ON FIRE-BRANDS, CASE-MAKERS
 AND AX-GRINDERS.

A Word to Lecturer Joseph Cook With Suggestions to the Men Who Control Southern Railroads.

EDITORS CONSTITUTION: Some most excellent people, through their representative, have asked me to speak in New York at an early day, upon the "race question," in other words, upon the white and black people of the southern states of the union. Opportunity, not interest in the subject, is lacking to me.

For considering the negro in his relations to me I have had as strong motive as any southern man can have and no man can have stronger. In the south I was born as was my wife and our ancestors for full three generations. My children are here; here we expect to live and die. In the confederate army, or out of it, I never passed two days without seeing negroes and being brought into some sort of personal relation with them.

For knowing the negro thoroughly and through, I have had as good opportunity as any southern man; better than any northern man living in the south, incomparably better than any man living elsewhere. What studies of the negro have engaged my attention have not been made through a telescope miles away. The fall of suits can not be expressed in any grouping of statistics. The best work done in this world can not be compressed into figures. Some things can be told. In money nearly sixty millions of dollars has gone into the education of the negroes in the south. What is now stated is based on the highest authority; the facts have been obtained by a hand. *Atlanta Constitution*, up to January, 1889. Northern benevolence had invested in this work—inducing the great gifts, a million each, of Mr. John F. Slater and Mr. Daniel Hand, \$15,767,746, the southern states white people paying nearly all the taxes in maintaining common and normal schools, \$37,371,673.24. Up to 1889 there were 1,000 schools and about four millions from the southern states, and we have near the sum total of money invested in preparing the negro to be a good citizen.

No figures that men use can tell the north of the hundreds of noble lives consecrated to this work of Christian philanthropy. Among them have appeared some patient people, the men of the south, who, in the fellowship of "the noble army of confessors"—of whom the world is not worthy.

What is there to show for this vast outlay of money and human life? More than all of it cost of life or money, or both. More than a million negro children attend the public schools, of which there are more than sixteen thousand, taught by negro teachers, trained most of them in the highest institutions supported by northern benevolence.

I am not applying to Mr. Cook; I am only telling the truth, giving him credit for the training of teachers. Ignorant and peevish people revile these schools, but they are infinitely better than none. Two millions of these people can at least read. No chapter in history matches this one, in the effort made or in the results achieved. So much was never done before to help a poor and illiterate people and so many of such people never learned to read. Poor people, poor parents, poor facts and know history, will see in these results the only lines of hopeful endeavor for those who would help the negro in America; so help him as to adjust and adapt him to the genius of our government and civilization.

Not counting sincere fanatics over fierce in zeal to see clearly or think rationally, the south has suffered immenly damage from the efforts of those I fondly call "the friends" to speak in great plainness. One comes south "with a case to make out," the other goes north "with an axe to grind." I am very far from saying these things of all northern people who visit the south, or of all teachers and missionaries visiting the north during the summer vacations. But I do, with full opportunity to know, say these things of most of them—enough to each to do infinite injustice and infinite harm to colored people. In both roles I have seen, heard and read

The last, color and religion are at their ideal height in the south in relation to the negro. I do not affirm; that they would be so good were the whole negro population settled in the midst of any other fifteen millions of white people I do not at all believe.

Wholesale denunciation of the south does infinite harm, most of all, where least suspected. It teaches those who are not colored white people to think more of them, and leads them to unjust conclusions, more hurtful to them than to the misjudged people themselves. This sort of wholesale denunciation of the south has naturally exasperated southern white people; so far as it has come to their knowledge, it has helped to breed ill-will in the negro toward his white neighbor.

The last, color and religion are at their ideal height in the south treat the negro infamously, is true, but to charge upon the whole white south what is true only of its worst people, is the sort of crime I would commit if I gnashed Chicago by the Hay Market anarchists, or New York by its "boodle" aldermen.

He who places a cross on the track of a train full of passengers, unless he be a lunatic, is a criminal and a public enemy. Besides, the man who objects publicly to suspicion partisan reason into this race question, the train-wrecking lunatic, or wretch, is a baby in harmless innocence.

It is a hard problem at best; to make it harder by lugging in other and confusing elements is treason to civilization; socially, politically, nationally it is an unpardonable sin. Wherever done he who brings wholesale accusations against a whole people utters wholesale falsehoods. He who, in the name of the whites, charges that the negro can receive no justice, that he is the victim of universal oppression, is a wicked or crazy slanderer. Moreover, he is a firebrand, while near by are great heaps of combustibles, most inflammable, lying close up against people's homes.

Of late foolish or wicked, or both bad men—also some women—have talked suggestively of "torts," "uprisings," "insurrections." Some of them have seemed to speak lightly of such things. Such utterances have been heard in congress where there should be sense and patriotism. The bitterest negro-hater could not wish a worse curse upon this unhappy race than for these infernal suggestions to work out their national results.

The poor freedom has indeed been put to base uses—the shams of education, politics, north and south, for long and vexatious years. Nothing has harmed him like this mean use of him. Nothing in the future can harm the negro more than to induce him to look to any party, or to the government, for salvation. It gets his mind off the only method of salvation for any people—the old-fashioned ways of industry, energy, intelligence and virtue. Always looking for something to do for him, rather than waiting him, keeps him expectant of some sort of "forty acres-and-a-mule" deliverance. It is little better than trusting in the swindling Bourne gard-Early lottery in New Orleans for family support. The negro is a "man and brother" be sure, but then he is only a man and brother. What is bad for a white man is bad for a black man. It is not good for anyone to be talked about, written about, resolved about by all sorts of conventions and world-savans, discussed and quarreled over with endless iteration and vehement insistence. Least of all, is such treatment good for the negro; it is new to him, and tends to unsettle his head. It is apt to spoil him for the counsels he should hear in working out his own salvation. A child cannot be rightly taught, reared, who being born in perpetual family disputes measures his importance by the amount of noise made over him.

Here are seven millions or more of people suddenly brought into relations with a high and complex civilization they were ill prepared for, vehemently urged to assert themselves before they had so much as come to themselves. As a have known him and all the time all my life-long, the southern negro has been easily disengaged in every way of talk—some foolish and some by sheer—that has raged about him. Whether he has thought of himself as the "pet" of one party or the "natural enemy" of the other, the effect on him and his environment has been bad. If one party makes steam out of his alleged wrongs, the other out of his alleged faults, it is not good for the people, worse for the nation, for the negro himself.

By this time we should have learned that our nursing and coddling are not wholesome even for "wards" of the government. Simply feeding Indians makes worse Indians; what educating them in a rational manner and teaching them useful trade will do for them, we will know when we have tried it. Expanding long enough and thoroughly enough to really understand it. Is it more helpful to the negro to teach him to strive to deserve one right of freedom than to incite in him insatiable longings and voracious clamorings for all of them?

When he was made a voter in a day, unfortunately for most of all—sex and age furnishing the only qualifications—his new and strenuous exertion of citizenship did not fit him in such way as to teach him either the value or responsibility of the ballot. It was not given because he was ready for it, but for other and mixed motives, concerning which history will make inquiry. The negro, for the most part, received the ballot as a personal favor and thought far more of his right to vote than of his right to vote. Very much that is true now—so far as the negro is concerned. He does not know about his actual voting in such way that he is still magnifying his right to vote rather than striving to gain such knowledge of affairs and to grow into such manly personal character that he will not only be a worthy voter, a voter worth counting but a voter worth electing.

The good man who wrote of "rice and sugar-cane" as "staple crops" from Atlanta to Augsburg, Ga., and Ongelob, S. C., gave other provisions of his knowledge. Concerning these, I must deal plainly with him. Meditating on the cotton fields, which he says remind him of "wild blackberry bushes in New England," he writes bitterly of the "unrequited toils" of the negroes. That is, he says these negroes are systematically and universally robbed. I speak not of what he said, but of what he said. Does he know what part of the crop the negroes get when working as tenants? I will tell him; just what white tenants get.

This sort of writing—"case-making"—has been going on for twenty-five years. The south is patient, if nothing else.

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One could demand of me: "What can now be done about the ballot?" I would answer unhesitatingly: "But one thing can be done; use the best possible means for preparing him to be a voter; so teach him to make him more of a man—self-reliant, no party's man, but a real man, intelligent, virtuous, unpurchasable." If this answer is not

friendly to the negro race, I am incapable of friendliness to him. The wrong done the negro and free institutions by dumping upon him the unconditioned ballot was an act of passion and lunacy; it cannot now be remedied by any sort of law or force.

The fall of suits can not be expressed in any grouping of statistics. The best work done in this world can not be compressed into figures. Some things can be told. In money nearly sixty millions of dollars has gone into the education of the negroes in the south. What is now stated is based on the highest authority; the facts have been obtained by a hand. *Atlanta Constitution*, up to January, 1889. Northern benevolence had invested in this work—inducing the great gifts, a million each, of Mr. John F. Slater and Mr. Daniel Hand, \$15,767,746, the southern states white people paying nearly all the taxes in maintaining common and normal schools, \$37,371,673.24. Up to 1889 there were 1,000 schools and about four millions from the southern states, and we have near the sum total of money invested in preparing the negro to be a good citizen.

No figures that men use can tell the north of the hundreds of noble lives consecrated to this work of Christian philanthropy. Among them have appeared some patient people, the men of the south, who, in the fellowship of "the noble army of confessors"—of whom the world is not worthy.

What is there to show for this vast outlay of money and human life? More than all of it cost of life or money, or both. More than a million negro children attend the public schools, of which there are more than sixteen thousand, taught by negro teachers, trained most of them in the highest institutions supported by northern benevolence.

I am not applying to Mr. Cook; I am only telling the truth, giving him credit for the training of teachers. Ignorant and peevish people revile these schools, but they are infinitely better than none. Two millions of these people can at least read. No chapter in history matches this one, in the effort made or in the results achieved.

Take this paragraph as it appears in one of the "five thousand." He said: "The cancer of caste clings to the Tropic of Cancer! Your poor white laborers in the south begin early in the morning and close about 10 o'clock in the morning; and beginning at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and ending at 8 o'clock at night. The colored laborers work from 6 to 6."

Doubtless the lecturer can find the "Tropic of Cancer" on the map; it is doubtful if he knows where the southern states are; it is certain that he does not know what they are.

What does it matter to Joseph Cook that not a part of the states he misrepresents is anywhere near the "Tropic of Cancer"? He is a friend to the south, and the alliterative absurdity. No man, so far as I know, ever yet made so specific statements, by the town clock, concerning the labor customs of the south—a paradise for poor white men with six hours of blessed noon for reading Joseph's lectures. The poor negro—most industrious of mortals—told from six to six," must read his work by pick-knot fires. He has given us news.

But the tourist is well advised. He who knows enough of southern labor customs to venture an opinion knows three things: 1. Where they work for wages, white men and negroes work by the bell, and that a day's work is ten hours. 2. That where they direct their own labor, white men work more days and more hours a day than the negro. 3. That white and negro laborers can do in the south, what the "noble army of confessors" disallows by pick-knot sides.

Our Boston "solver" of the race question, adviser general to the United States and special "exhorter" to the congress, reaches his climax when he come to cause and cure. In the manner of a last analysis investigator, he says that the "chiefest source" of race troubles of all sorts in the south is "climate"; his chiefest remedy is some sort of government regulation of sections. As suited to the exact climate, he says, as you would for a winter or summer vacation. Perhaps he knows what he says: "His forte is omniscience." It would be an abuse of language to apply to him the other part of Sidney Smith's witicism about Dr. Whewell, "his forte is science."

The trouble is not that Joseph Cook says such false and absurd things, but that those who swear by this egotist of all the ages—Mr. Cook's "prelate" of the "Race Riot" of the "South." The trick of starting and alliterative headlines, has done the south no little hurt. A street fight—generally due to drink—is head-lined by Joseph Cook's "five thousand newspapers" as a "Race War." There should be few survivors by this time, and the south should be bankrupt beyond redemption. The census will show a healthy increase in population and wealth. The last cotton crop shows a better something in evidence. The negroes, rushing by thousands into Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, because richer lands and scarcity of labor allow them larger wages, show what they believe, unless those who worry most about their voting are mistaken as to the degree of their intelligence.

In the lecture allusion to this, a slander of people who have never read it, and of whom he is profoundly ignorant, ashamed: "The conditions of absolute barbarism exist in the rural regions of the south." Do the money-kings who have placed hundreds of millions in the south since 1880 believe this? What does Joseph Cook—evolving facts out of his prejudiced consciousness—know of the rural regions of the south?

The south has suffered sorely in another way which I have not mentioned. Some come south "wishing only to make out." Many go north "with axes to grind." Many of those their white and black are known to me.

Many who go north to collect funds to carry on costly educational and philanthropic work are among the honorable of the earth. But some have found out that big collections are drawn out by lurid rhetoric. The worst things that can be told are found useful in securing contributions.

The excitement over the "five billion" that never became law, was a variable bonanza for the south, and may be worth something in evidence. The negroes, rushing by thousands into Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, because richer lands and scarcity of labor, allow them larger wages, show what they believe, unless those who worry most about their voting are mistaken as to the degree of their intelligence.

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As I could not speak in New York this morning, I am not going to write. I have talked about, written about, resolved about by all sorts of conventions and world-savans, discussed and quarreled over with endless iteration and vehement insistence. Least of all, is such treatment good for the negro; it is new to him, and tends to unsettle his head. It is apt to spoil him for the counsels he should hear in working out his own salvation.

A child cannot be rightly taught, reared, who being born in perpetual family disputes measures his importance by the amount of noise made over him.

There are seven millions or more of people suddenly brought into relations with a high and complex civilization they were ill prepared for, vehemently urged to assert themselves before they had so much as come to themselves. As a have known him and all the time all my life-long, the southern negro has been easily disengaged in every way of talk—some foolish and some by sheer—that has raged about him. Whether he has thought of himself as the "pet" of one party or the "natural enemy" of the other, the effect on him and his environment has been bad. If one party makes steam out of his alleged wrongs, the other out of his alleged faults, it is not good for the people, worse for the nation, for the negro himself.

By this time we should have learned that our nursing and coddling are not wholesome even for "wards" of the government. Simply feeding Indians makes worse Indians; what educating them in a rational manner and teaching them useful trade will do for them, we will know when we have tried it. Expanding long enough and thoroughly enough to really understand it. Is it more helpful to the negro to teach him to strive to deserve one right of freedom than to incite in him insatiable longings and voracious clamorings for all of them?

When he was made a voter in a day, unfortunately for most of all—sex and age furnishing the only qualifications—his new and strenuous exertion of citizenship did not fit him in such way as to teach him either the value or responsibility of the ballot. It was not given because he was ready for it, but for other and mixed motives, concerning which history will make inquiry. The negro, for the most part, received the ballot as a personal favor and thought far more of his right to vote than of his right to vote.

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This sort of writing—"case-making"—has been going on for twenty-five years. The south is patient, if nothing else.

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wages of the negroes when working for money men? I must tell him, just what white men get for the same work.

How far can I affirm without better knowledge? that no negroes are as ill-paid as are sewing women who make cheap clothing for big jobbing houses in great northern cities. But if I had absolute knowledge of wrong done the sewing women, or other wretched poor in northern cities, I dare not commit the crime of charging upon a whole people the infamies of a few—systematic and wholesale wrong, oppression and robbery.

No form of falsehood ever set going in this world does more harm than the assertion of what one does not know to be true. Of such assertions concerning the southern white people my soul is sick.

Another illustration of the ill-fortune of my people (a wise northern friend told me not to use this phrase; I am white while they are victims) is the "southern queen." The fall of suits can not be expressed in any grouping of statistics. The best work done in this world can not be compressed into figures. Some things can be told. In money nearly sixty millions of dollars has gone into the education of the negroes in the south. What is now stated is based on the highest authority; the facts have been obtained by a hand. *Atlanta Constitution*, up to January, 1889. Northern benevolence had invested in this work—inducing the great gifts, a million each, of Mr. John F. Slater and Mr. Daniel Hand, \$15,767,746, the southern states white people paying nearly all the taxes in maintaining common and normal schools, \$37,371,673.24. Up to 1889 there were 1,000 schools and about four millions from the southern states, and we have near the sum total of money invested in preparing the negro to be a good citizen.

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